POEMS

BY

MRS. PICKERING.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

POETICAL SKETCHES.

BY

THE AUTHOR, AND TRANSLATOR

OF

Philotoxi Ardenæ.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura,
Quæ legis hic; aliter non fit, Amice, Liber.

MARTIAL.

Birmingham.

PRINTED BY E. PIERCY, No. 96, IN BULL-STREET;

AND SOLD BY

J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SPEEDILY WILL BE RE-PUBLISHED

PHILOTOXI ARDENÆ;

WITH

TWO TRANSLATIONS,

AND

A PREFACE.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED

The Correſpondence between Miſs Seward, Mr. Morſitt, Mr. Weſton, &c. &c. occaſioned by the Eſſay on the merits of Pope and Dryden.

PREFACE.

my kindness

YEARS have elapsed since the Lady for whose benefit this Volume is printed waited on me, with a recommendatory Letter from Mr. Morfitt; who conjured me to forward her Subscription, to the utmost of my power. After a considerable interval she favoured me with a second visit, and requested me to prepare her works for the Press—"My Husband "(said she) is dead; Mr. Morfitt's time is wholly occupied by the duties "of his profession; and I have not a Friend in the world, who can un- "dertake the office, unless YOU will prove that Friend." Her sex, her desolate situation, and her irremediable calamity, were irresistible Pleaders; but the Publication has been retarded, by obstacles almost insurmountable.

my Wife

Her Manuscripts, it seems, had been so frequently exhibited, to gratify the curiosity of new Subscribers, that the fatal THUMB had made more havock with *words* than its redoubted NAMESAKE with *Giants*. Numbers were mutilated, and numbers destroyed. The fair Author was at too great a distance to be frequently consulted; an Amanuensis was not very easily to be procured: (for who could transcribe what no one could read?) and (to complete the climax of distress) the Gout, heretofore an occasional visitor, had lately indicated a disposition to become an Inmate; and, by way of earnest, had given my right Hand so very hearty a squeeze, that, for more than Twelve Months, I could not have written a legible line, to have gained an Empire.

my trouble, and my career

When I had, in some measure, recovered the use of my Pen, every hour which I could borrow from indispensable avocations, and from necessary repose, was devoted to the tedious task of decyphering what was obscure, and of supplying what was defective. I cannot flatter myself, however, that I have so far succeeded, in my attempt to imitate Mrs. Pickering's manner, as to prevent the reader from *detecting* the interpolations. Tyler you have—

my modesty, with two puffs oblique—

Desirous of recompensing the Subscribers for this unavoidable delay, I have prevailed on my Friend to enrich the work, with those Poems distinguished, in the Index, by *Italics*; in addition to those with which his benevolence had previously embellished it: and the chasm occasioned by the omission of two or three pieces, in which our Poetess had displayed the exuberance of her gratitude, by bestowing on me every grace that can adorn, and every virtue that can exalt human nature, I have endeavoured to supply by some Verses of my own. I had rather read the mid[dle]

commendations of a grateful heart, than your

[fi]ne verses, for nobody would have believed I am

[wh]at she wrote—

I am wearied with conjectures reſpecting the Lines addreſſed to a New-married Lady*; but, upon the whole, I am inclined to think that they were altered by her, for the uſe of her Niece; and that her Huſband (unwilling that one couplet of his beloved Wife's ſhould be loſt to the world) determined to print them, accompanied with an explanatory note. If the other Lines. addreſſed to the ſame Lady, ſhould be traced (as I now ſuſpect they may be) to the ſame origin, THREE *additional ſheets of Letter preſs*, will, I preſume, leave the Public little cauſe for complaint.

The Merit of Mrs. PICKERING's ſhare of the Book has been repeatedly (and, I think, juſtly) appreciated by herſelf; and, with reſpect to Mr. MORFITT's contributions, I ſhall only obſerve, in the language of a very fine Writer†, that his "poetic Brilliants, though ſmall, are of the firſt Water." Anxiety for the Reputation which was committed to my care, impelled me to inſert his ſublime, but ſevere PHILIPPIC againſt a celebrated EXPERIMENTALIST, who has lately emigrated; and regard for Juſtice induces me to contraſt it, by the following Sketch, from the hand of the Gentleman whoſe own character my Friend has delineated, Page 54. with a ſpirit and conciſeneſs worthy of Pope.

"Let Dr. Prieſtley, indeed, be confuted, where he is miſtaken. Let him "be expoſed, where he is ſuperficial. Let him be repreſſed, where he is "dogmatical. Let him be rebuked, where he is cenſorious. But let not "his attainments be depreciated, becauſe they are numerous almoſt without "a parallel. Let not his talents be ridiculed, becauſe they are ſuperlatively great. Let not his morals be vilified, becauſe they are correct without "auſterity, and exemplary without oſtentation, becauſe they preſent, even "to common obſervers, the innocence of an Hermit, and the ſimplicity of a "Patriarch, and becauſe a philoſophic eye will at once diſcover in them, the "*deep fixed root of virtuous principle, and the ſolid trunk of virtuous habit.*"

Aſſuredly the "Effuſion" of my learned, ingenious, and moſt ingenuous co-adjutor muſt be conſidered as ponderouſly counterbalanced by SUCH Teſtimony; the Teſtimony of a Man, gifted *with* a "philoſophic eye:" —The Teſtimony of a Writer, whoſe works will, indeed, *periſh*,——but periſh *only* in the GENERAL CONFLAGRATION!

JOSEPH WESTON.

SOLIHULL,
May 29, 1794.

* See Mrs. Pickering's Poems, page 48.

† See Miſs Seward's Strictures on my Preface to the Woodmen of Arden, in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1789, page 292.

TO JOHN MORFITT, Esq.

TO thee, most generous of thy sex, I owe
My gratitude, which will for ever flow!
While I exist, thy friendship I'll revere;
Mild is thy censure, and thy praise sincere.
A friend like thee where shall misfortune find?
Thyself excelling, ever nobly kind!
Within thy breast no sordid views reside;
A foe to envy, ostentation, pride.
To ease oppression is thy soul's delight,
And humble merit raise from shades of night.
Such magic numbers does thy muse impart,
To charm the sense, and captivate the heart,
With extacy I listen to thy strain,
And strive thy worth to paint—but strive in vain.
Let graceful SEWARD for thy temples twine
A matchless wreath, and bid thy merit shine;
Thy genius let this PEERLESS FAIR rehearse;
And live, immortal live, in Seward's verse!
Sweeter her strains than amaranthine flowers;
Softer than down of Swans, or April showers!

TO THE CRITICS.

YE Critics now with candour read my lays,
And nobly pity her you cannot praiſe!
Though nature only does my works adorn,
I truſt this goddeſs you'll not treat with ſcorn:
By her fair hands alone my muſe is dreſt,
Whilſt in each thought her bounty ſtands confeſt.
And thoſe, whom ſhe with artleſs ſtrains inſpires,
Like me know nothing of the attic fires.
I never taſted the Pierian ſpring, [ſing.
Of which great Pope does with ſuch rapture
For, ſince depriv'd from infancy of ſight,
How ſhould my muſe in lofty numbers write?
MILTON and HOMER both, you ſay, were blind;
And where on earth can we their equals find?
But were they blind like me in infant ſtate?
Or did they taſte like me tenebrous fate?
No—long they liv'd great nature to explore,
Their minds enriching with poetic ſtore.
Then in compaſſion ſay, ye Critics, ſay
You'll chear my ſoul with one reviving ray;
Nor

Nor frown indignant on my night-ſtruck
ſtrain,
But for amuſement bid me write again;
Yet friendly tell me, though I'm not ſublim'd,
My thoughts are rude, my numbers un-
refin'd;
Since lib'ral pity all the wiſe commend:
Be then for once an HELPLESS woman's
friend!

TO THE QUEEN,

On His MAJESTY'S *late Indiſpoſition.*

YE NYMPHS of HELICON, my muſe inſpire,
And teach me how to ſweep the ſound-
ing lyre!
Inſtruct my muſe the beſt of Queens to praiſe;
Since none like her can dignify my lays.
Of every ſhining quality poſſeſt;
Bleſt in her people—by her people bleſt;
Courteous to all, her worth-approving mind
To modeſt merit's ever nobly kind.
Truth, peace, and prudence on her daily wait,
Whilſt in her breaſt fair mercy claims a ſeat;
And

And charity, that virtue moſt divine,
In all her actions does conſpicuous ſhine.
Thrice happy then, BRITANNIA, is thy fate,
Since thou can'ſt boaſt a Queen as good as great!

All nature ſure rejoic'd to ſee her birth,
And ſmiling hail'd her Empreſs of the earth;
And with her choiceſt gifts endow'd her mind;
And mighty Pallas all thoſe gifts refin'd;
With wiſdom's wreath her graceful temples bound;
With honour's chaplet all her virtues crown'd.
The white-arm'd Queen pronounc'd the earth-born dame
Should live unrivall'd in the rolls of fame;
And heaven's high King's dread nod confirm'd the ſame.
The graces, too, confeſſ'd her worth their care,
And gave to her a ſoft engaging air,
A mild addreſs, whoſe gentle manners charm,
Win ev'ry heart, and paſſion quite diſarm.
Yet ſay, ye muſes, ſay, what bard could paint
Thoſe poignant woes that now afflict this ſaint?

How

How oft does ſhe, in fervent pray'r implore,
That heav'n to health and reaſon would reſtore
Her matchleſs Lord, whom diſtant realms revere!
Not *David's* love, nor *Jonathan's* more ſincere
Than all true ſubjects to their ſov'reign bear.

All gracious father, nature's ſupreme Lord,
By men and angels worſhipp'd and ador'd,
Look down with pity on our pious Queen,
And grant our ſov'reign's mind again ſerene;
That he may riſe thy awful name to praiſe,
And rule this Iſle in more auſpicious days!
What raptures then each loyal breaſt muſt fire!
But ſuch to ſing demands APOLLO's lyre.
Since then, alas! too faint my artleſs muſe,
Say gracious Queen, oh! ſay you will excuſe
My humble verſe, which does from nature flow,
For to her bounty all my thoughts I owe!
Could I like Milton ſweep the ſounding lyre,
Or like great Homer could my ſoul aſpire,
In poliſh'd numbers I'd your worth proclaim,
And diſtant ages teach to ſing your fame.

But, ſince depriv'd from infancy of ſight,
How like to them ſhould I ſublimely write?
Yet hope you'll pardon theſe my night-ſtruck lays,
Though I like Whitehead can't, or Warton praiſe,
Let, gracious Queen, compaſſion be my bays!

EXTEMPORE LINES,

On hearing of the Death of the Rev. Mr. SEWARD, *of Litchfield.*

SEWARD farewell! thy virtues each muſt own;
All nature ſure a loſs like thine muſt mourn!
Friend to the poor! frugal, yet lib'ral too,
Courteous to all, and juſt in ev'ry view!
Bright wiſdom's lamp did in thy breaſt preſide;
Whate'er is great and good thy daily guide.
Thy ſoul was with ſuperior knowledge dreſt;
Thy matchleſs worth the good and wiſe confeſt.
With ſecret joy your pious ſtrains they heard;
As ſol's glad rays your liſtening flock you cheer'd;

You

You ſweetly ſmooth'd the anxious mind to reſt,
When ſin had fix'd her ſcorpion in the breaſt.
With ev'ry chriſtian virtue waſt thou fraught,
And nobly practiſed what thou others taught.
But, ſince no longer thou on earth can'ſt ſhine,
May'ſt thou, great Seward, ſeraph angels join,
In heav'n's high courts, Jehovah's praiſe to ſing,
There tune thy golden harp to heav'n's eternal King!

A SONG,

Compoſed on the Thankſgiving Day, for the KING'S *Recovery; April* 23, 1789.

(Tune,—"*God ſave the King.*")

1.

BRITONS your voices raiſe,
To ſing great George's praiſe,
Whom all admire!
Long may he rule this land,
And each proud foe command,
Whilſt we with heart and hand
Aid our great ſire!

II.

Bleſs'd be the Brunſwick line,
In whom all virtues ſhine;
Generous, ſincere:
Let us their worth proclaim,
From pole to pole the ſame,
Our King's himſelf again,
Whom all revere!

III.

Thrice happy native Iſle,
Since health and reaſon ſmile
On George thy King!
Let windows blaze around,
Bells ring, and ſhouts reſound,
Since he with health is crown'd
Joyfully ſing!

IV.

Sov'reign of heav'n and earth,
Who gav'ſt our monarch birth,
Still him attend;
Keep him from war's alarms,
Safe in fair Charlotte's arms,
Whoſe virtue ever charms—
Conſort and friend!

v.

Pledges of liberty,
His ſmiling progeny
Still we will ſing;
Drink then the nation's toaſt,
Him whom we thought was loſt,
Britain's eternal boaſt---
Great George our King!

AN ADDRESS TO THE AUTHOR's SISTER, Mrs. WOOLLASTON, OF THE GROVES, NEAR ENVILLE;

On her Recovering from a ſevere Lameneſs.

BELIEVE, dear Siſter, ev'ry thought's too faint,
Shou'd I attempt the joy I felt to paint;
Hearing you cou'd without your crutches go,
The tears ſpontaneous from my eyes did flow;
Whilſt I, enraptur'd, cried, "thrice happy fair!
If great my bliſs, thine's ſure beyond compare!"

To

To graceful move about your houſe with eaſe,
This ſight muſt ſure your worthy conſort pleaſe;
How oft did he in fervent pray'r addreſs
All gracious heav'n, to make your ſuff'ring leſs,
And unto you your limbs reſtore again!——
Thus pray'd the beſt of men, nor pray'd in vain;
On heaven's high throne Jehovah heard his pray'r.
(The juſt, we're told, are his peculiar care!)
What boundleſs tranſport now your breaſt muſt fire,
And gratitude to heaven's almighty ſire,
Who in compaſſion has you thus reſtor'd!
Let your divine phyſician be ador'd!

Now with what joy you'll round the garden ſtray,
And view the trees clad in their veſtures gay,
Whilſt murm'ring bees around the flow'rets play!
The ſpacious walks all deck'd in vernal green,
Nature's brocade embroiders all the ſcene:
Each fragrant bed does with each other vie,
In colours richer than the Tyrian dye;

Flora

Flora in vain does all her charms diſcloſe,
The gay carnation, hyacinth, or roſe——
In vain the tulips rear their painted heads,
And dappled cowſlips riſe from golden beds—
To me, long loſt to all external view,
But what gay fancy to my mind does ſhew,
And her bright landſcape paints with beauties new;
For you whilſt nature liberally pours,
To pleaſe your eye, her variegated ſtores:
For, if you loiter through the mead or lawn,
You ſee the woodbine grace the flow'ry thorn;
Whilſt ſtately ſteeds in their rich paſtures bound,
The lowing herds make all the groves reſound;
The warbling tenants join in melting ſtrain,
Then hail you miſtreſs of the ſylvan train.
Whilſt the blythe milkmaid chaunts the rural ſong,
The plough-boy whiſtles as he jogs along;
Their artleſs notes muſt ſure your ear delight,
And Flora's beauties captivate your ſight!

Joys beyond theſe heav'n has for you deſign'd—
I mean your part'ner, gen'rous, pious, kind;
Long may you with your matchleſs conſort ſhare
A life ſerene, devoid of ev'ry care!

But,

But, when by heav'n you're ſummon'd to obey,
Death's meſſage, which will not for Monarchs ſtay,
May joyful angels bear your ſouls away!

VERSES,

Addreſt to the Author, by an unknown Friend.

SAY, why ſhould the Poet's ſoft lays
To Beauty be always confin'd?
And why not the tribute of praiſe
Be paid to the charms of the mind?

What need we commend what all know?
The Beauty will quickly decay——
Like flow'rets in Summer that blow,
Droop, languiſh, and then die away.
yet everybody prefers them to holly, though it is an evergreen.
If not bleſt with the raviſhing form
That blooming Lucinda can boaſt,
Shall we treat Prissy's friendſhip with ſcorn,
Or ſlight her, becauſe ſhe's no toaſt?

All

All that know her with rapture commend
The charms of her temper, and mind;
Her judgment ſo ſolid and clear,
Her taſte ſo correct and refin'd!

EXTEMPORE ANSWER.

IF you, Sir, can merit thus prize,
But few of your ſex it revere;
Though the nymph as MINERVA is wiſe,
And chaſte as DIANA the fair.

If not lovely as Grecia's fair Queen,
No merit in her can they find:
But no wonder that Beauty's the theme—
Moſt men are internally blind.

Yet ſure it is juſt to commend
Thoſe charms that will never decay:
For old time, that was ne'er Beauty's friend,
To the mind adds new luſtre each day!

Not Lucinda herſelf long cou'd pleaſe,
If fortune her aid did not lend;
For in gold they find ten thouſand charms,
More than e'er did on Venus attend.

Ye

Ye ſwains who would happineſs taſte,
Take Counſel, and virtue moſt prize;
For the fair, who's of virtue poſſeſs'd,
Is really rich, handſome, and wiſe.

ADDRESS TO TIME.

O HOW ſevere, I cried, my fate below!
(While copious from my eyes the tears did flow,)
Such poignant thoughts did then oppreſs my ſoul,
I, ſighing, bad old time more rapid roll——
On ſwifter pinions bear the hours away——
(As if he would my peeviſh will obey!)

Sternly, methought, I heard the God reply,
Vain mortal, know, for none more ſwift I fly;
For each alike my minutes ever roll;
No haughty tyrant can my flight controul;
And, if thou'rt wretched, why of *me* complain?
'Tis not my fault; the crime with *thee* remain!

For

For thoſe who have their minutes well improv'd
Ne'er told me once that I too ſlowly mov'd.

If in devotion thou thy hours wilt ſpend
Thou'lt bleſs thoſe days that I ſo kindly lend;
All noiſe and nonſenſe will thy ſoul deſpiſe,
If fair religion once thou learn to prize.
Her ſov'reign balſam heals the deepeſt wound;
Within her path joy permanent is found.
Go, ſeek her then, and thou content wilt find,
And let her wreath thy virgin temples bind.
Poſſeſt of her thy bliſs ſhall be ſincere,
And thou the hand of time ſhalt hence revere.

He ſpoke, and ceaſ'd, while all amaz'd I ſtood,
And, bluſhing, own'd him gen'rous, wiſe, and good;
So friendly thus to bliſs to point my way:
Grant, heav'n, that I this counſel may obey,
And from religion never, never ſtray!

ADDRESS TO PATIENCE.

HAIL, ſov'reign patience, ſoother of each care!
Now, in compaſſion, lend, O lend thine ear!

Unto

Unto a vot'reſs, who before thy ſhrine
Devoutly kneels, grant this requeſt of mine!
Support me, when by mighty woes oppreſt,
And pour thy healing cordial in my breaſt.
Then I unmov'd ſhall hear the awful ſound,
When tempeſts threaten deſolation round;
My ſteadfaſt ſoul ſhall no diſaſter dread,
Whilſt on thy pillow I repoſe my head;
Nor once repine, whatever be my lot,
If thou'lt not frown upon my humble cot:
Poſſeſt of thee my bliſs ſhall be replete,
And dove-like peace ſhall brood upon my calm retreat.
Oh patience, let thy manſion be my heart,
And never, never from my ſoul depart!

Thy influence to my readers mind
So shall He persevere and reach the

TO MISS SEWARD,

On being honour'd with hearing her read her LOUISA, *at the Palace*, LITCHFIELD.

MY freedom, good Madam, I hope you'll excuſe,
Nor frown on my ſtrain, although ſimple my muſe!

From

From nature's kind gifts all my ſentiments flow,
And ſure to this goddeſs ſome candour you'll ſhew!
O let then your looks be as kind as you're fair,
Nor cry, in contempt, "what ſad nonſenſe is here!
"Does ſhe think I my time can ſo wretchedly ſpend,
"As in reading her lines, which the nine muſt offend?"

I, bluſhing, muſt own that you juſtly may chide;
But compaſſion is ever of genius the pride.
Let liberal pity your boſom inſpire,
To pardon the author you cannot admire;
Since on YOU all the graces ſeem happy to wait,
Suffer *me* to admire what I can't emulate!

Your Louiſa with tranſport, methinks, I ſtill hear;
Nor can SIDDONS with SEWARD in reading compare.
My liſtening ſoul on your ſtrains how ſhe hung!
Not muſic's ſoft magic can charm like your tongue.

In all that you *ſay* how unrivall'd you ſhine!
And envy muſt own that your *Works* are divine!
But ſay, bright URANIA, you'll not be ſevere
On my untutor'd muſe, as ſhe's ever ſincere;
Nor think me too bold, though I dare to requeſt
A line from your pen: but for once make me bleſt!
If this honour, dear Madam, you'll grant unto me,
'Till death I'll remain your moſt grateful P. P.

TO MISS SEWARD, ON HER LOUISA.

AONIAN maids, aſſiſt my feeble lays,
And matchleſs Seward teach me how to praiſe;
That I, tranſported, may attune my lyre,
And ſing her praiſe with genuine attic fire!
Not boaſted More, nor Montague, whoſe fame
Thouſands in loud enraptur'd ſtrains proclaim,
Can like great Seward claim our willing bays,
Or boldly challenge univerſal praiſe.

Compar'd

Compar'd to her they glimm'ring ſtars appear,
While, like a riſing ſun, ſhe gilds the ſphere!
Not god-like Pope, whom ev'ry muſe inſpires,
Adorn'd his page with more poetic fires
Than Seward's ſtrains, whoſe thoughts with Genius ſhine;
True taſte and judgment dignify each line.

In her Louiſa ev'ry charm's combin'd;
A form angelic—an angelic mind.
Not Eloiſa's grief like her's can move
Each heart to feel her hapleſs, hopeleſs love.
Not when to Abelard, in impious ſtrains,
She wakes the Fiends, and Heaven's high pow'r diſdains;
Exclaiming, "ſnatch me from the bleſt abode,
"Aſſiſt the Fiends, and tear me from my God!"
Whilſt mild LOUISA, in ſeraphic ſtrains,
To her lov'd EMMA of her wrongs complains,
And breathes her grief in ſuch melodious woe,
Soothing and ſoft as murm'ring waters flow!
For falſe EUGENIUS, in pathetic pray'r,
She begs kind Heav'n to make him ſtill it's care,
That, when his ſoul muſt wing it's rapid flight,
Angels may bear it to the realms of light.

Thus pray'd the Saint, nor long ſhe pray'd in vain ;
For loſt Eugenius Heav'n reſtor'd again !

LETTER TO A SISTER,

Giving an Account of the Author's Wedding-Day.

YOUR, ſilence, Dear Siſter, I juſtly will chide,
Since ten months ago I became I. P's bride ;
Nor need I to doubt but the ſame you muſt know ;
Each Paper through Britain announc'd it was ſo :
Which made me expect you wou'd congratulate,
In a Siſter-like manner, my new change of ſtate.
Then ſure my Maria muſt think ſhe was wrong,
So ſoon to forget one from her Mother ſprung.
How frequent I've ſigh'd, ſince I found you ſo ſtrange !
But away with complaints ! the ſad ſubject I'll change.

Then

Then now to begin—as 'twill pleaſe you to hear
Of Weddings of ſpirit--I'll tell you my dear!
In a Poſt-Coach and Four, with Poſtillions as fine
As e'er drove a Counteſs, that day I did ſhine.
In the morn did Aurora her influence diſplay,
And Cynthia at night ſeem'd to vie with the day.
Good Barns and his Conſort, gay Cælia beſide,
And my Huſband's Step-Mother attended the Bride.
And know, the Groom's Man was a perſon of fame,
A youth of large Fortune--and Patten his name.

At Shotwig I choſe to be married, my dear;
(A ſmall Country Church, and to Saughall quite near;)
For myſelf I had flatter'd in that rural ſcene
No other ſpectators around me would reign
Excepting fair Flora, and the feather'd train.
But, truſt me, when we to the Village drew near,
The nymphs and the ſwains all in ranks did appear,
To ſee us fine Folks; for, ſure, fine we muſt be,
When powder'd, and dreſſ'd, a la mode de Paris!

In pink, blue and white, to the ſkies trimm'd
you know,
With our white gloves and ribbons we made a
great ſhow;
And well might the lads and the laſſes all ſtare,
For ſuch Belles and ſuch Beaux are at Shotwig
moſt rare.
Had you ſeen but my niece, when for Bride's-
maid ſhe ſtood,
You'd have thought ſhe was Venus, juſt ſprung
from the flood.

The knot being tied, with the Vicar we went,
And an hour or two we moſt agreeably ſpent,
In regaling our palates with Plumb-cake and
Wine;
Then drove to Park-gate, where at Four we
did dine,
On Fiſh, Lamb, and Ducks, Puddings, Tarts,
Whips, my dear,
Drinking Red Wine and White, jaded Spirits
to chear.
At Seven we order'd in Coffee and Tea;
We ſipp'd; paid our Bill; and drove rapid
away,
To the Two Mills, my Friend, where again
we did call,
Ourſelves to refreſh, Men and Horſes, and all.

At Ten we return'd to our houſe, with due pride,
In a Poſt-Coach and Four, and a Poſt-Chaiſe beſide;
And, had but Maria join'd this bridal train,
My tranſports to paint all attempts would be vain.

Yet I hope, when convenient, to ſee me you'll come;
For good Wives, you well know, muſt go ſeldom from home.
Methinks, I by this, hear you cry, with a ſneer,
"Lord bleſs me! what wonders one *may* live to hear!
"That thus my gay Siſter ſhould ſuddenly change!"
Get married, Maria,— you'll not think it ſtrange;
The old maxim you'll find to hold good, I am ſure,
That "Home ſtill is Home, be it ever ſo poor;"
But, if it's a good one, what can we wiſh more?

EXTEMPORE EPISTLE,

Occaſioned by my Siſter neither Writing nor Coming agreeably to promiſe.

YOU ſaid, MARIA, that you would be here,
Before the Summer had expir'd, my dear!
But Autumn, Winter, Spring, no more we view!
Another Summer gone, and none of you!
Say then, Maria, ſay what did prevent
Your coming here, or why ſo ſoon repent
Your Cheſter Journey, unto Friends, my dear,
Who would have made your happineſs their care?
And ſince my Conſort kindly wrote to you,
And ſaid he ſhould rejoice to ſee you too,
To him at leaſt you might have ſent a line;
If I've offended all the fault was mine:
To err is human, to forgive—divine!
Have you forgot the kindeſt man on earth,
From whom I ſprung, and her who gave us birth?
I fear you have; or thus you would not range
From nature's path, and ſeem to me ſo ſtrange.

Turn,

Turn, turn, MARIA; be my Siſter ſtill:
And haſte to tell me that you ever will.
No longer let me for your abſence ſigh,
But, on the wings of friendſhip, hither fly;
And I'll receive you with a Siſter's joy!

TO A FRIEND, ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

WITH genuine Friendſhip fain I'd ſooth to reſt
Each gloomy thought with which your ſoul's oppreſt,
And teach you chearful to ſuſtain your fate,
When he afflicts who did my friend create;
For in diſguiſe our ſuff'rings bleſſings are,
And thoſe he chaſtens are his ſov'reign care:
Such is my faith; immoveable in this——
That woe, not pleaſure, leads to laſting bliſs.

In each decree you muſt confeſs him wiſe;
If ſo how vain are all your plaints and ſighs!
External joys then ne'er deſerve our care;
But oh! the things unſeen eternal are!

For

For fading pleaſure let us then ne'er ſigh,
But ſtrive to gain that bliſs that ne'er will die.
Then will our ſouls above the ſpheres take flight,
And live for ever in the realms of light.
What boundleſs tranſports are prepar'd above,
For thoſe who goodneſs infinite can love!
They drink for ever at fair mercy's ſtream,
And tune their golden harps to great Jehovah's fame!

VALENTINE, ON LEAP YEAR.

AS 'tis Valentine's day (if you frown I don't care;
For, know Sir, your ſmiles I hold lighter than Air!)
Since now I've a licence t' addreſs whom I chuſe,
And Ovid's ſoft ſtrain need not bluſh for to uſe;
Then think not alone, Sir, my muſe to employ;
For in verſe, or in proſe, my whole force I will try
With fifty perhaps: and I hope I ſhall find
Some one of that number to merit not blind.
When

read, boldneſs —

When I meet with a man, virtuous, wiſe, and
ſincere,
How to gain, and deſerve him I'll make my
chief care;
Ev'ry grace will I ſtudy, my mind for to dreſs,
That the hour Hymen join'd us he ever may
bleſs.
His converſe I'll wiſely prefer, Sir, to all;
And ſcorn all thoſe cheats the world pleaſure
does call:
Abroad for amuſement I ſeldom will roam:
Thrice happy the pair, that are pleaſ'd beſt
at home!
I'll exert all my ſkill to keep peace ever there;
If he ſmiles then I'll ſmile; If he ſighs—ſooth
his care.
Whilſt duty and love all my ſentiments ſway,
With mild condeſcenſion his will I'll obey.
But, ſhould cruel paſſion his ſoul e'er deform,
I'll ſtrive to allay the loud bluſtering ſtorm;
In the vain war of words I will never engage,
Nor imprudently venture to meet rage with
rage.
With love's mildeſt influence I'll ſtill play my
part,
That loſt reaſon I ſoon may reſtore to his
heart.

O may

O may he, in turn, but prove conſtant and kind!
Thus, bleſt in each other, true bliſs we ſhall find.
If happineſs mortals can taſte here below,
Joys then, in full tide, all around us will flow;
And the longer we live we the fonder will grow.
Shou'd the pure lamp of love thro' neglect once expire,
No art can again hope to light up the fire.

Methinks I by this hear you, ſneeringly, ſay—
"What? Marry for merit? the Girls mad to day——
Out of fifty to think to find one to her plan!
If ſhe tries fifty more ſhe will find no ſuch man.
Tho' the graces on her ſhould their choiceſt gifts ſhow'r,
They would find without Gold that but vain were their pow'r;
'Tis the Idol we worſhip, and ſigh for, each hour.

Nor

Nor Venus's gifts, nor Minerva's we prize;
If ſhe's rich then we ſwear ſhe's both handſome and wiſe.
Love, Virtue, nor Senſe is the coin that we take!
'Tis the *Thouſands* have charms that we never forſake.
Yet ſure, my dear *Love-gold*, all men are not ſo;
Nor think each man's heart by your own thus to know.
'Tis true, half your ſex are internally blind;
Yet one amongſt fifty ſure merit may find:
But if what you ſay, Sir, ſhould prove the true caſe,
Lampoons on Lampoons ſhall proclaim your diſgrace;
My ſatire more rapid than whirlwinds ſhall fly:
For I'll have my revenge, though neglected I die;
And, whilſt it is Leap-year, my Fortune I'll try.

O TERRY!

ON THE DEATH OF Mr. TERRY, BURTON UPON TRENT.

O TERRY! may thy gentle ſhade excuſe
This tribute, from a weak, untutor'd muſe,
Whoſe night-ſtruck lays can pleaſe no judging ear!
Protect me, if ſome critic frowns ſevere,
And, that my theme ſome tender breaſt may move,
To drop thoſe tears that virtue ſhall approve,
Do thou, Urania, aid my feeble lays;
And, whilſt I weep, inſtruct me how to praiſe
A friend, whoſe tender, ſympathizing breaſt
Still felt a pang for ev'ry wretch diſtreſt.

Nor did his ſorrows impotently flow;
Unaſk'd, he would the lib'ral boon beſtow:
His bounty did the widow's tears reſtrain;
No orphan ſupplicated him in vain.
With chearful chat he ſooth'd my darkſome day,
Nor let me wander in the devious way.——

But

But let ſome brighter muſe his worth impart,
Whoſe tender ſtrains ſhall melt each gentle heart;
Whilſt o'er his grave I drop the frequent tear,
And bid my grateful ſoul his memory revere!

ON RODNEY's DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

FAIN, gallant Rodney, I thy praiſe would ſing,
And with thy valour make Britannia ring;
Nay, could my muſe on loftier pinions riſe,
With thine applauſe I'd rend the vaulted ſkies;
For thee with tranſport ſweep the ſounding lyre!
Would mighty Phœbus but my ſoul inſpire,
In poliſh'd numbers to the world I'd tell
How Britain's foes before thy banners fell.

Sure hoary Neptune muſt confeſs, I ween,
He ne'er thy equal in his realms has ſeen;
Not boaſted HAWKE, nor greater RUSSEL, cou'd
Like thee reign Conqueror o'er the foaming flood:

For,

For, if the Laurel they could juſtly claim,
Thy valour may command immortal fame!
Britain's eternal foes, proud France and Spain,
Shall, trembling, own thee maſter of the main!
With ſuch compaſſion are thy conqueſts crown'd,
In thee the Conqueror and the Parent's found!

Then ſay, great Hero, thou wilt not diſdain
My humble muſe, and my unartful ſtrain,
Which from pure nature does ſpontaneous ſpring;
Accept ſuch incenſe, then, as ſhe can bring!
Scarce had twelve Summers bloſſom'd to my view,
When o'er me night her ſable curtain drew;
And, on a rapid wing, my dear ſight flew!
Oh! frown not, then, on theſe my night-ſtruck lays;
But read with candour what demands no praiſe:
Great Victor, let my early loſs excuſe
The wood-note Wildneſs of my ſelf-taught muſe!

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN AMPHLETT, OF THE FOUR ASHES, STAFFORDSHIRE.

AMPHLETT expires; the generous, good and brave:
And Guns funereal thunder o'er his Grave!
The ſocial virtues croud around his bier,
And ſtern Bellona drops one pitying tear.
Well may the Hero claim the muſe's ſtrain—
Fierce to his Foes, but to the Poor humane.
On him the graces, ſmiling, did attend;
The kindeſt Brother, Maſter, Neighbour, Friend.
His manners eaſy, elegant, refin'd;
True chriſtian fortitude adorn'd his mind.
In ſympathetic ſtrains, BRITANNIA, mourn,
And twine the Laurel round thy Warrior's urn!

INVITATION TO THE AUTHOR's BIRTH-DAY.

IF you to my Birth-day politely will come,
Crown'd with glee, and good humour, you'll find me at home.

Your German Flute with you I wiſh you to bring,
As it's ſweet ſoothing ſtrains may invite me to ſing.
But, if with my voice I can't charm you, my friend,
I'll invoke all the graces their magic to lend;
Whilſt with wit and good humour my converſe I'll change,
Through all nature and art I'll endeavour to range.
Minerva, frown not, if I dare to aſpire
To what virtue muſt love and what wiſdom admire;
But deign with thy garlands my temples to bind,
And with graces internal embelliſh my mind!
And, would bright URANIA but make me her care,
Proud Venus's gifts I will ne'er ſigh to ſhare;
Tho' beauty her lilies and roſes may boaſt:
But charms that ne'er fade ſure firſt merit the toaſt.
To Diana's chaſte altar my tribute I'll bring,
And deep will I drink of fair virtue's pure ſpring.

O Haſten

O Haſten then, Strephon, to friendſhip's fair
court,
Where mirth and where innocence, ſmiling,
reſort;
Nor, ſordidly, cry—you've no leiſure to
ſpare:
Take counſel, be wiſe, and make merit your
care—
Leſt you ſigh, when too late, for neglecting
the fair.

A JOURNAL FROM LITCHFIELD TO CHESTER.

'TWAS June the Twenty-fifth, at night,
When Cynthia, with her ſilver light,
Caſt o'er the ſphere a milder day,
And nature ſmil'd, and all ſeem'd gay,
When I to Cheſter did repair;
My houſe at Saughall then my care:
In a Stage-Coach cloſe confin'd,
Not one Companion to my mind,
Tho' ſix of us there were, you know,
And four that ſeem'd to ape the beau;
Which made you wiſh, I need not doubt,
Yourſelf within, and me without.

Surrounded you had been by ſmarts,
Poſſeſs'd of neither heads nor hearts.
At this you'll ſay I'm too ſevere;
Not ſo, when you the truth ſhall hear;
How unto me behav'd each beau:
But, Girl, I bluſh to let you know.
Friends of Ulyſſes, (Man divine!)
Were turn'd, we're told, to grov'lling ſwine,
By virtue of dread Circe's wand;
This from great Homer underſtand!
More like this herd they ſeem'd than men;
They ſnor'd, and wak'd, and ſnor'd again.
Such the companions of the night;
Nor cou'd Aurora's roſy light,
Nor mighty Sol, that gilds the ſkies,
Long keep awake theſe ſluggards' eyes:
What maid wou'd not ſuch drones deſpiſe?

Juſt oppoſite to me was plac'd
A Lady of a Wondrous taſte;
She laſh'd the Faſhions of the age,
And frequent flew into a rage.
Much ſhe the Ladies head-dreſs blam'd,
And vow'd ſhe was of them aſham'd;
To ſee each girl a ſteeple wear,
Enough to make a Parſon ſwear;

To

To mount on Peg-heels too, and all
To ſhew the Fellows they could fall!
All modeſty they had forſook,
And juſtly merited rebuke;
Nor cou'd ſhe blame the men to ſlight them,
Since all their dreſs muſt ſurely fright them:
But own'd the men were full as bad,
And like the women half run mad;
For faſhion was their conſtant theme.
I told her then they cou'd not blame
The Ladies that were fond of dreſs,
Since they the Bon-ton did profeſs.

I gravely ſaid, I wiſh'd to know
How ſhe wou'd like to have them go.
" Without thoſe tow'ring caps" ſhe cried,
Nor cou'd ſhe braids or tetes abide.
A modeſt mob, with hair comb'd flat,
She knew the men were pleaſ'd with that;
And, if the girls wou'd dreſs thus plain,
They huſbands ſooner far wou'd gain;
For which ſome huſbands ſigh in vain.
And ſigh they ſhould, were ſhe to rule;
For ſure that man muſt be a fool
That would a Scare-crow take for wife,
Stranger to all domeſtic life;

Whoſe judgment lay in gauze and blonde,
And how a feather beſt was ſhewn;
In rumps, and powder, platted hair,
Much like a colt for May-day fair:
But noiſe and nonſenſe, dreſs and ſhew,
Were all they ever wiſh'd to know.
When Ma'am at dear Quadrille can play
She ſcorns the buſineſs of the day——
Degrading to a taſte refin'd;
She leaves ſuch to the vulgar mind
As huſbands, children, houſhold care,
As beſt adapted to the fair
Who never knew what King to call,
Nor ſhine at Opera, Park or Ball.
" Theſe are your modern wives," cried ſhe,
" From ſuch may honeſt men live free!"
"And kindly chuse such Cats as me"
Quite out of breath, thus rail'd the fair,
Then ſilent ſate as night, my dear.
By all the ſpiteful creature ſaid
I gueſs'd ſhe never had been wed,
Tho' forty Summers had roll'd o'er
Since Ma'amoiſelle had been a ſcore.
I, ſneering, ſaid, I muſt ſuppoſe
She with mature Reflection choſe;
And he, to whom ſhe'd giv'n her hand,
Was bleſs'd with more than houſe or land—

So

So much good ſenſe, and prudence too,
Ever to her he muſt prove true.
" Hold, hold," ſhe cried, " upon my life
" I never yet have been a wife;
" Among the ſex I ne'er could find
" A Man exactly to my mind:
" And, if I may my thoughts declare,
" Few men deſerve a Woman's care,
" That has of prudence any ſhare."

She took a pinch of Snuff, and ſigh'd;
Then loll'd again, and " Heigho!" cried.
To ſee the prude in this diſtreſs,
I laugh'd aloud, I muſt confeſs;
And, though you think me rude, my dear,
Had chaſte Diana been but there,
She'd thought her Vot'reſs too ſevere.
The Fops no longer could refrain,
But clapp'd their hands, and laugh'd amain,
As if their Paper-ſculls they'd ſplit;
For they'd no Brains, or they'd had wit.

The noiſy ſcene now being done,
Like Engliſh Folks we all ſate mum;
And nothing ſaid of this or that,
Till forward I began to chat.

" Madam," ſaid I, " let me adviſe,
" If hence you would be reckon'd wiſe,
" For your own ſake the Women ſpare,
" Though Men you think not worth your care;
" Ne'er let them know that you repine,
" Although you've ſtaid beyond your time:
" Or elſe at them they'll ſwear you rail,
" Becauſe they let you grow ſo ſtale.
" Since you with ſteeples ne'er did fright them,
" It's plain, you never could delight them.
" But know, 'tis neither dreſs nor faſhion
" That in the Man creates the paſſion;
" 'Tis fancy chiefly does preſide,
" Whene'er the gordian-knot is tied.
" Then, if your ſtars decree it ſo
" You muſt without your errand go,
" Ne'er tremble, though ſome dare to tell,
" Old Maids, when dead, lead apes in hell;
" There's no ſuch thing you may be ſure;
" For, if a Lady dies quite pure,
" A ſtate ſo innocent, I ween,
" Not Hell—but Paradiſe muſt gain.
" Ne'er value who is made a wife,
" Who wears the tow'ring cap or quoif;
" So you true happineſs obtain,
" Married, or Single, 'tis the ſame:

" For

" For God-like Pope ſays only this
" Of happineſs—no more, nor leſs—
" That happineſs, is happineſs!"

By this we were to Nantwich come;
Where Madam walk'd away, quite dumb:
Nor ventur'd once to me to ſay,
" I wiſh you well upon your way;"
Though I ſo kind to her had been,
To try my ſkill to cure her ſpleen.
The Fellows laugh'd again, and ſwore
That I away the Laurel bore,
And greatly did in humour ſhine;
(Yet not deſerv'd one glaſs of Wine!)
They aſk'd at Dinner, very grave,
Whether I Red or White would have—
Inſiſting I the Wine ſhould name,
For what I choſe they'd drink the ſame.
As they were ſo polite, I ſaid
That, if they pleaſ'd, it ſhould be Red;
The Bell that inſtant rung amain,
And ſtraight an active Waiter came:
" Quick, bring a Bottle of Red Wine,
" And Dinner-Bill, at the ſame time!"
No ſooner was it ſaid than done—
The Wine and Bill together come;

And, firſt, they pour'd me out a Glaſs,
And, next, about the Plate did paſs;
On which Two Shillings I laid down:
But ſoon was told, not half a Crown
Would pay for me, full well they knew,
For Dinner, Drink and Coach-man too.
Then, ſtamm'ring o'er the Bill again,
They Ten-pence more from me did claim;
The Wine, they ſaid, was half a Crown;
Then ſtraight I threw a Shilling down,
Which they took up, and gave no change:
Nor could I think this action ſtrange,
Since, all the way, it ſeem'd their care
To make me pay above my ſhare.
Yet, as they begg'd I'd chuſe the wine,
I thought theſe Varlets did deſign
To treat me with it, without doubt;
In this, you'll ſay, your aunt was out——
As wiſer folks before have been:
But thus to uſe me was a ſin.
Reſpect to me they ſhould have ſhewn——
A Woman, helpleſs and alone!

Our Driver now begins to teaze;
"The Coach is ready, if you pleaſe;
"The Horſes have been in ſome time:
"I ſhan't to Cheſter get by nine,

"If

" If trifling thus with you I ſtay!"
Then rudely ſwears he'll drive away,
If quick our ſeats we don't reſume;
Then mounts the Coach-box, in a fume.
But, though they ſcarce allow us time
To eat our Breakfaſt, or to Dine,
They rarely miſs a Buſh, or Sign;
But ſtop, for either Pot or Glaſs,
Nor then regard how time does paſs.
" Drive on!" in vain to them you call,
For Coachmen have no ears at all;
Nor once regard all you can ſay,
If *civil Will's* not in the way;
And *civil Will* is known to few:——
But Cheſter now appear'd in view;
Where we arriv'd, at Six at night,
And near the Eaſt Gate did alight.

Theſe city Clowns, (for Clowns they be)
Ne'er ſtay'd to ſay " Good-night!" to me;
But, as the Prude before had done,
The Coxcombs walk'd away, quite dumb;
At this, methinks, I hear thee cry,
" Are theſe thy Sons, O Cheſter? fye!
" Renounce them ſtraight, or thou'rt to blame!
" Her Muſe thy gratitude does claim;

" For

" For long ago ſhe ſung thy praiſe,
" And with thy virtues ſwell'd her lays.
" Should'ſt thou theſe ſpurious Sons defend,
" Know, Cheſter, know, thou may'ſt depend
" This fatal truth too late thou'lt find——
" Her muſe can be ſevere as kind."

Ceaſe, ceaſe thy rage, thou angry fair!
For Cheſter ſtill I much revere,
Since I within her walls can find
Great numbers gen'rous, wiſe and kind;
That cloathe the naked, feed the poor:
What people then can merit more?
O! could my humble muſe but riſe
Like ſeraph Milton to the ſkies,
Or as great Homer could aſpire,
For them I'd ſweep the grateful lyre!
If charity can merit praiſe
To them are due Apollo's lays;
The Blue-School Boys and Girls confeſs,
And the Infirmary no leſs,
Their equal's ſcarcely to be found—
They're with ſuch matchleſs pity crown'd!

Then hence theſe Coxcombs never name,
Nor gen'rous Cheſter deem to blame;

'Twas

'Twas nature gave the ſpurious birth—
Theſe reptiles to pollute the earth;
And, bluſhing, begs this ſheet I'll cloſe,
Nor longer thus her works expoſe.
She owns them to all merit blind,
Diſgracing her, and all Mankind;
So hopes I'll chuſe a nobler theme,
Nor with them hence the paper ſtain:
And whiſpers, ſhe'll inſpire my lays,
And crown me with her modeſt bays.
Can I this Heav'n-born maid refuſe,
Since from her ſprung my artleſs muſe?
No. Her requeſt I muſt obey.
Adieu, dear Girl; I more could ſay——
But nature frowns on this protracted lay!

ON THE DEADNESS OF TRADE IN BIRMINGHAM.

WHEN Commerce mourns, what Bard has pow'r to ſhew
Thoſe mighty ills that from her grief muſt flow?
All nature ſighs to ſee oppreſſion ſpread,
And in diſtreſs fair Science droop her head.

While

While all the People feel a ſhort deſpair,
And murmurs, fruitleſs murmurs rend the air,
They find no balſam to relieve their mind;
Stern Penury's the ſcourge of human kind.
Such now's the fate of this once favour'd Town,
Where Commerce whilom ſmil'd, and Genius bore renown!

ADVICE TO MY NIECE MISS S. B. OF CHESTER.

WOULD you, dear Niece, true bliſs obtain,
Shun folly, and her baneful train;
Among her Votaries ne'er you'll find
A Friend that's generous, true and kind.
To tread her path the wiſe all ſhun,
And ſcorn to be by her undone;
This fatal Truth too well they know—
To merit ſhe's a mortal foe.
Diſeaſe and want her partners are;
Health, peace and honour fly this treach'rous fair.

A pois'nous

A pois'nous cup her hand contains;
Her touch the pureſt virtue ſtains.
Attend the counſel then, my dear,
Of one whoſe friendſhip is ſincere.
When flatt'ring Fops around you throng,
And ſing your praiſe in noiſy ſong,
To ſuch your ear, oh! never lend;
For virtue they will ne'er befriend.
Your eaſy faith they will betray,
And lead your virgin heart aſtray.
Gravely they ſwear they will prove true,
But ſecret laugh at love and you.
Fly, fly 'em, then, as you would danger,
Or elſe to peace you'll be a ſtranger!
A youth well-bred, with modeſt ſenſe,
Will ſcorn to give thy ear offence;
In him no flattery thou ſhalt find,
For truth ſhall dignify his mind.
When ſuch a youth ſhall Celia ſue,
(Believe me ſuch you'll find but few!)
Let not within your breaſt preſide
Vain-glory, affectation, pride;
Each man of ſenſe you'll find diſdain
To drag coquetry's galling chain.
'Tis prudence, truth, good ſenſe, my dear,
That makes the lamp of love burn clear;

Theſe are the ſilken cords, that bind
The Lover's, and the Huſband's mind.
When youth and beauty both decline,
Theſe charms with added luſtre ſhine;
No change they know, but ever bloom,
With graces that ſurvive the tomb!

VERSES ADDREST TO MY NIECE, MISS S. B. OF CHESTER, UPON HER MARRIAGE.

DEAR Sely, ſince the ſingle ſtate
You've left, and choſ'n yourſelf a mate,
Since, metamorphoſ'd to a wife,
Your bliſs or woe's inſur'd for life,
A friendly muſe the way will ſhew
To gain the bliſs, and ſhun the woe.
And, firſt of all, I muſt ſuppoſe,
You with mature reflection choſe;
And, this premiſ'd, I think you may
To happineſs ſoon find the way.
Small is the province of a wife,
And narrow is her ſphere of life;
Within this ſphere to move aright
Should be her principal delight:

To

To guide her houſe with prudent care,
And properly to ſpend and ſpare——
To make her Huſband bleſs the day
He gave his liberty away.
To form the tender Infant's mind——
Theſe are the taſks for Wives aſſign'd.

Then never think domeſtic care
Beneath the notice of the fair,
But matters every day inſpect,
That nought be waſted by neglect.
Round you be frugal plenty ſeen,
And ever keep the golden mean;
Be always clean, but ſeldom fine:
Let decent neatneſs round you ſhine.
Some of our ſex miſtake in this——
Too anxious ſome, ſome too remiſs;
If once fair decency is fled
Love ſoon deſerts the genial bed.
The early days of wedded life
Are oft o'er-caſt by childiſh ſtrife;
Then be it your peculiar care
To keep that ſeaſon bright and fair:
For now's the time, by gentle art,
To fix your empire in the heart.
With kind obliging carriage ſtrive
To keep the lamp of love alive;
For, ſhould it through neglect expire,
No art again can light the fire.

To charm his reaſon dreſs your mind,
Till love ſhall be with friendſhip join'd;
Raiſ'd on that baſe it will endure:
From time, and death itſelf ſecure.

For power never once contend,
Nor try with tears to gain your end,
For fear the tears that dim your eyes
From pride, perſiſting pride ariſe.
Heav'n gave to man ſuperior ſway;
Then Heav'n and him at once obey:
Let ſullen frowns your brow ne'er cloud;
Be always chearful, never loud.
Let trifles never diſcompoſe
Your features, temper or repoſe.
Abroad for pleaſure never roam;
True happineſs reſides at home.
Still make your partner eaſy there;
Man finds abroad ſufficient care:
If every thing at home be right
He'll always enter with delight;
Your converſe he'll prefer to all
Thoſe cheats the world does pleaſure call.
With chearful chat his cares beguile,
And ever meet him with a ſmile.
Should paſſion e'er his ſoul deform,
Serenely meet the bluſt'ring ſtorm;
With all your ſex's ſoft'ning art
Recal loſt reaſon to his heart:

To calm the tempeſt in his breaſt,
And ſweetly ſooth his ſoul to reſt.

Beſure you ne'er arraign his ſenſe;
Few Huſbands pardon that offence:
It diſcord raiſes, coolneſs breeds,
And hatred certainly ſucceeds.
Shun then, ah! ſhun this fatal ſhelf;
Still think him wiſer than thyſelf:
And, ſhould'ſt thou otherwiſe believe,
Ne'er let him ſuch a thought perceive.
Do cares invade thy partner's heart?
Bear thou a ſympathiſing part;
Tenderly claim thy ſhare of pain,
And, chearful, half his wrongs ſuſtain:
From morn to noon, from noon to night,
To pleaſe him be thy chief delight.
But hark! methinks, I hear you ſay,
"Do you, good Aunt thus mild obey?
"Not ſo I fear, if right I gueſs!"
Yet, would you happineſs poſſeſs,
And taſte of laſting joys, my dear,
Your bark by reaſon's compaſs ſteer;
Then will your bliſs be perfect and ſincere!

☞ Not until the Proof was reviſed, and the firſt Copy taken off, did I diſcover that theſe Verſes do not belong to, but were only altered by, Mrs. PICKERING. *This* Sheet ſhould have been inſtantly cancelled, had not an entire impreſſion of the *laſt* (which unfortunately contained the Beginning of the Poem) been already Printed. My Conjectures reſpecting the cauſe of this *unintentional* Impoſition on the Public, muſt be reſerved for my *Preface*.

J. W.

ON THE DEATH OF Mrs. BARNES OF CHESTER.

He is going to live in a house now

FAREWELL, dear Barnes! thy virtues each muſt prize,
And all that knew thee own thee good and wiſe.
Whate'er was worthy did in thee reſide;
Unerring wiſdom was thy daily guide.
Courteous to all, benevolent, ſincere,
While friendſhip's Lamp did in thy breaſt burn clear.
The tendereſt conſort e'er exiſtence knew;
The kindeſt mother, neighbour, miſtreſs too.
Thy loſs all nature ſure muſt mourn to ſee,
And, ſighing, own each virtue dwelt in thee!
Since then, dear ſhade, I find my muſe too faint
To ſing thy worth, or half thy merit paint,
Let ſome more pow'rful bard thy worth proclaim,
While thy bleſt ſpirit, deaf to earthly fame,
Sings Hallelujahs to Jehovah's name!

SONG

SONG ON HIS MAJESTY's RECOVERY.

I.

TO my aid, all ye muſes, with chearfulneſs throng,
Whilſt I ſing of great George, who can beſt grace my ſong!
By his People no Monarch was e'er held ſo dear;
And his People muſt love whom all Nations revere.
Since our Sov'reign juſt Heaven has raiſ'd, let us pray,
Long live our good King, and Jehovah obey!

II.

How oft did his ſubjects, with tears, and with ſighs,
Invoke the great ſovereign of Earth, ſea and ſkies,
Their much-belov'd Monarch again to reſtore!
Their requeſt he has granted; what can we wiſh more,
Than that health, roſy health, may on him daily ſmile,
And that long he may live, to illumine this Iſle?

III.

With what tranſport the Queen her great conſort muſt hear
Converſe on each topic, with intellect clear!
And how bleſt is this land, ſince again he can ſway
The ſceptre of reaſon! then let us all pray,
That Heav'n may on him all it's choiceſt gifts ſhow'r,
Unrivall'd in goodneſs, unrivall'd in pow'r!

IV.

Let all ranks of People in gratitude join,
To the great King of Kings, and Phyſician divine;
Who has to this Kingdom ſuch mercies now ſhewn,
In reſtoring the King, and confirming the Throne!
Let each loyal Briton join Chorus, and ſing,
Long life to Queen Charlotte, and George our great King!

ELEGY

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF Mrs. WARREN, OF BIRMINGHAM.

DO thou, Melpomene, aſſiſt my lays,
And Warren's virtues teach me how to praiſe!
For to her merits every praiſe is due;
Friend to the poor; prudent, yet lib'ral too;
Courteous to all, in every thought ſincere,
Serene her temper, and her judgment clear.
Her pious ſoul no wild ambition fir'd;
To goodneſs, not to greatneſs, ſhe aſpir'd.
With human kindneſs did her boſom glow;
True to her friend, to none in thought a foe:
In her each grace, each virtue, was combin'd;
Divine her form, but more divine her mind.
And, though her charms are ſhrouded in the tomb,
Her ſpotleſs virtues ſhall for ever bloom.
On ſeraph's wings ſhe paſſ'd the applauding ſpheres,
Brought joy to heav'n, and left her friends in tears!

While bright Amelia's worth I ſtrive to paint,
My muſe grows languid, and my efforts faint!
But, ſince, alas! too weak my night-ſtruck lays,
Accept, dear ſhade, accept this artleſs praiſe;
And, though I can't in lofty numbers ſhine,
Receive this incenſe, at pure friendſhip's ſhrine!

TO THE INHABITANTS OF BIRMINGHAM.

FAIR gratitude, aſſiſt my feeble lays,
And teach me generous Birmingham to praiſe!
Who of her arts can adequately ſing—
Arts that have made each diſtant climate ring?
The good and wiſe thy liberal acts revere;
Thou wip'ſt away the widow's, orphan's tear!
Frugal with ſpirit, ſplendid yet not vain,
Thy various virtues croud into my ſtrain;
Thy buſy ſcenes are mix'd with ſocial mirth:
Patron of arts, and friend of modeſt worth!
Oh! could my grateful muſe thy praiſe diſplay
Far as the rolling ſeas thy ſplendid wares convey!

THE

THE AUTHOR's CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

IF e'er I ſhould wed, by juſt heaven's decree,
And Hymen his torch ſhould e'er light up for me,
Attend to my muſe, while attempting to paint
The man I could fancy, in colours not faint.
Whate'er be his features I vow I don't care,
Nor e'er will I ſigh if they're not regular;
The charms of the mind I alone ſhall admire;
May wit and good humour his breaſt but inſpire,
Neither churliſh, nor fooliſhly fond, I deſire!

Well verſ'd in the claſſics I'd have him to be,
Since knowledge can ever give tranſport to me;
May his converſe be pleaſing, and open his mien;
His temper not cloudy, but mild and ſerene:
A lover of mercy, truth,—ever ſincere,
His taſte be refin'd, and his judgment be clear;
Sober,

the means Godwin

Sober, virtuous, diſcreet, and with induſtry crown'd,
In him may nor miſer, nor ſpend-thrift be found!
To pride and grimace I muſt wiſh him a ſtranger;
Not a coward, nor yet too preſumptuous in danger.
May his breaſt with pure friendſhip, and gratitude glow,
And to indigent merit reſpect may he ſhew!
Say then, ſiſter virgins, what maid could refuſe
A companion like this, if permitted to chuſe?
I hear you, at this, methinks, ſneeringly, ſay,
Can merit ſupply all our wants every day—
That frequently thread-bare is known to appear?
Have patience; I'd wiſh him five hundred a year.
Yet ne'er for the ſmiles of abundance I'll ſigh
Since from merit, not money, ſprings permanent joy.
If a conſort like this fate on me will beſtow;
What the rich fool enjoys I will ne'er wiſh to know;

But

But how to deſerve him my thoughts I'll employ,
And my mind ſtrive to dreſs with thoſe charms that ne'er cloy.
Then tell me, my friend, if my choice you admire?
If not, in the flames let this picture expire,
Or anſwer me ſtraight, what I more could require?

TO THE INHABITANTS OF WALSALL.

WALSALL, to thee my grateful thanks are due;
Yet how ſhall I, in artleſs numbers, ſhew
How much thy people's goodneſs I revere—
True friends to merit, gen'rous, wiſe, ſincere!
Oh! could my muſe to lofty ſtrains aſpire,
Walſall, thy virtues all ſhould then admire;
In poliſh'd verſe, thy lib'ral acts I'd praiſe,
For ſure thy actions claim immortal bays!
But ſince, alas! too weak's each thought of mine,
Accept, dear friends, at gratitude's fair ſhrine,

My

My poor, poor thanks, which language ne'er
can paint,
Nor time, nor diſtance ever once make faint!
When to this tranſient ſcene I bid adieu,
Thy virtues, Walſall, in my mind I'll view,
And heav'n invoke, to grant thee joys for
ever new!

TO MR. J. P. ON DRAWING HIM FOUR YEARS SUCCESSIVELY FOR A VALENTINE.

AGAIN dame fortune does aſſign
You, Strephon, for my Valentine.
At this decree forbear to ſigh;
Though I mayn't pleaſe the coxcomb's eye,
Each man of ſenſe will ſure revere
The maid, whoſe friendſhip is ſincere.
Perhaps you'll ſay, if worth your care,
The nymph muſt be divinely fair;
Not ſhe for whom proud Ilium bled,
And Troy's bright dames were captives led,
Did e'er a lovelier form poſſeſs
Than ſhe who muſt your moments bleſs.

From

From me this truth, vain Strephon, know—
Beauty oft proves a mortal foe
To virtue, ſenſe, good humour too;
Denied of theſe, too late you'll rue
The day the gordian-knot was tied,
That chang'd the virgin to the bride.
Your ſighs and tears you'll find are vain,
When doom'd to drag her galling chain;
She'll ſlight you, for each feather'd beau,
Who like herſelf's mere outward ſhew.
With artful praiſe he'll charm her ear;
You ſoon a monſter will appear:
Whilſt in her breaſt reſides a flame
To make her— what I dare not name.

Would you the bliſs that's laſting find,
Seek out the fair, whoſe noble mind
Good ſenſe and virtue both inſpire:
Your choice the wiſe will all admire.
Charms ſo divine will ne'er decay,
But in December rival May.
To you Potoſi will be poor;
Richer her mind than India's ſtore:
When ſuch a matchleſs fair you find,
To her be gen'rous, conſtant, kind;
High heaven your paſſion will approve,
And crown your halcyon days with peace and love!

ELEGY BY THE AUTHOR, ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

AID now, Melpomene, my mournful lays;
In plaintive numbers teach me how to praiſe
The tendereſt conſort e'er exiſtence knew,
Since to his virtues ev'ry praiſe is due!
Pious and juſt, from envy, malice free,
Lover of mercy, truth, humility,
Sober and modeſt, faithful, courteous, kind,
In him the poor a friend did ever find.
With ſecret joy he ſooth'd their poignant grief,
Nor taſted bliſs like granting them relief.
When bleſt with power, he chearful did beſtow
The boon they crav'd, nor bade them, peeviſh, go.
Serene he bore the frowns of adverſe fate,
And judg'd it better to be good than great.

But ſay, ye muſes, ſay what grief, what pain,
What mighty woes he, patient, did ſuſtain;
Five dreary months unto his room confin'd,
With dire diſeaſe, that rack'd both frame and mind!

Unheard

Unheard to let e'en one, one murmur fall,
On his Creator, he would hourly call.
" Father, (he ſaid) on me thy will be done,
" Since well I know thou chaſteneſt every ſon,
" Ere thou receiv'ſt him in the realms of light,
" To which I truſt my ſoul will wing her flight;
" To reign in bliſs that ne'er was known to cloy,
" And enter with the juſt into my Saviour's joy!
" Hear, (he would cry) Jehovah, hear my pray'r,
" And let my helpleſs conſort be thy care!
" Her darkling pilgrimage deign thou t' attend,
" And be her guide, her huſband, ſight and friend!
" And, when, at length, ſhe quits this vale of tears,
" Her happy ſpirit, far above the ſpheres,
" To thy bleſt courts, O heavenly father raiſe,
" With me to join, and celebrate thy praiſe,
" Whoſe pow'r th' angelic hoſt with extacy obeys!"

THE LOTTERY.

WHILE fickle fortune turns the wheel,
What hopes, what fears we're doom'd to feel!
Each anxious heart beats high, to gain
A prize we never may obtain;
The prize we miſs:—yet why complain?
Why call dame fortune, in a rage,
A CHEAT?——Let reaſon wrath aſſuage,
Which tells us—we, like ſilly elves,
Have taken pains to cheat ourſelves?

If one poor hundred pound we get,
The trifling pittance makes us fret;
While we on thouſands fix our mind,
A blank—a diſmal blank's aſſign'd!
We ſtart, we ſigh, we rave, and ſwear
The mode of drawing was not fair!
But they whoſe reaſon is not gone
Againſt us own there's ten to one;
Well know the prudent, and the wiſe,
CONTENTMENT is the nobleſt prize!

ON THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR's NIECE, Mrs. ANN DIXON, OF RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

FAREWELL, dear Niece! What eyes ſhall ever ſee
Superior charms to thoſe that beam'd in thee?
Each ſhining virtue that can merit praiſe
Illum'd thy ſoul, and grac'd thy earlieſt days.
The tendereſt wife that heaven did ever lend;
The fondeſt mother, daughter, ſiſter, friend!
Gentle thy manners, and thy taſte refin'd,
Fair truth and wiſdom dignified thy mind.
Death on thy periſhable bloom has prey'd;
But thy tranſcendent virtues ſhall not fade:
In Amaranthine bowers, that ne'er decay,
Thou ſhalt adore that God whom here thou did'ſt obey!

URANIA's VISIT.

AS in my room I penſive ſate,
Revolving on my adverſe fate,
"How hard," ſaid I, "my lot is here,
(Then heav'd a ſigh, and dropp'd a tear)
"That fortune thus ſhould prove unkind
"To one, who, like herſelf, is blind!
"Goddeſs! (I cried) thou cruel fair!
"Ah! ſmooth thy brow, and ſooth my care;

" Change to a ſmile that angry frown,
" To help life's bitter potion down:
" If pity can inſpire thy breaſt,
" O grant thy votreſs her requeſt!"

While thus I did her aid implore,
A gentle rap heard at the door,
I roſe, in haſte; " who's there?" I cried:
" URANIA;" ſoft a voice replied.
Raviſh'd, I let the Goddeſs in,
And ſweetly thus ſhe did begin.

" I've long with ſoft compaſſion view'd
" Thee o'er thy dire misfortune brood;
" Which to thy health may prove a foe:
" So friendly come to let thee know,
" If yet the muſes you admire,
" And ſtill to humble fame aſpire,
" Cheerfull to thee my aid I'll lend;
" And nature will no doubt attend,
" To animate thy modeſt lays,
" And crown thee with her verdant bays.
" Bid then each gloomy thought retire,
" Nor fear to tune again thy lyre;
" With pious numbers ſwell thy lays,
" And ſing thy great Creator's praiſe.
" For know, the world's not worth thy care;
" Fortune's more fickle than ſhe's fair;
" To day ſhe'll ſmile, to-morrow frown;
" Some high exalt, then caſt them down:

" So

" So much her vot'ries loves to teaze,
" Few, few or none her long can pleaſe.
" Her richeſt gifts ne'er ſigh to ſhare;
" Let heav'n be thy peculiar care:
" Peace, ſmiling peace ſhall thee attend,
" And Pallas prove thy faithful friend;
" With wiſdom ſhe'll thy ſoul inſpire,
" And teach thee only to admire
" Thoſe charms that from pure virtue flow,
" Charms which proud fortune can't beſtow:
" Her gifts can ſooth the pangs of care,
" And ſmooth the forehead of deſpair.
" Thy fate, then, deem no longer hard,
" But, patient, wait for that reward,
" Which thy bleſs'd ſire to thee ſhall give.
" Obey him, and thy ſoul ſhall live——
" Shall live in bliſs that ne'er can cloy;
" In one continued ſtream of joy!"
She ceas'd, and ſeem'd to wait reply.
" Angelic fair! (I faultering cried)
" Still be my guardian, ſtill my guide!
" Grateful your counſel I'll obſerve,
" And never, never from it ſwerve;
" Your voice with tranſport I'll obey:
" Say then, divine Urania, ſay
" You'll hence my artleſs muſe inſpire,
" With taſte, and true poetic fire!
" Mortal (ſays ſhe) on me depend;
" I'll oft thy ſolitude attend:

" And all my ſiſters I'll invoke
" To join their aid!"—The Goddeſs ſpoke,
And ſweets ambroſial round me ſhed;
Then to Mount Helicon ſhe fled.

ON THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

FAREWELL, great Queen, thou once ador'd, farewell!
Long, long thou liv'd'ſt in ſcenes too dire to tell;
On thy devoted head each day did ſhow'r
Woes that embitter'd ev'ry circling hour!
Robb'd of thy conſort, of thy offspring too,
Diſtreſs like thine ſcarce e'er exiſtence knew;
But ſure that God who rules both earth and ſea
Will make thy murd'rers tremble for that day
They to thy royal houſe were ſo ſevere,
And drop too late the penitential tear!
When by the laſt trump ſummon'd to attend
That awful judge they dar'd ſo long offend,
To mountains, hills, and rocks, I fear, they'll pray,
To fall on them in that tremendous day!
Whilſt thou, I truſt, ſhalt with thy conſort reign,
In heav'n's high courts, with the angelic train;
There tune your golden harps to heav'n's great King,
And to the Lamb eternal praiſes ſing!

23 JY 68

POETICAL SKETCHES,

BY

JOHN MORFITT, Esq.

BARRISTER AT LAW.

WITH

ADDITIONAL PIECES,

CHIEFLY BY

JOSEPH WESTON.

INDEX.

	PAGE
ODE *on the French Revolution*	1
Elegy on George Barnwell	4
On the Death of a ſweet Girl	5
To a Female Friend	7
Imitation of Collins	8
Written in a Root-houſe	11
Anſwer	12
To Poet Freeth	14
Ode on Chriſtmas Day	15
Ode on Eaſter Day, (written at thirteen Years of Age)	17
To a new married Couple	20
On his Majeſty's Recovery	21
To Amanda	24
On Commerce	25
On the Death of Mr. Rollaſon	27
On Lord Cornwallis and Major Andre	29
Ode on Pity	31
Church and King, A Song	33
Sung at the Society of the Loyal True Blue, Tune, "God ſave the King"	36
Sung at the ſame Society, Tune, "Balance a Straw"	38
Song on Aſhted	42
On a beautiful Child	45
To Miſs Wilſon	
On the Death of Chancellor Baron Bolland	47
To Stella	49
Written under a Depreſſion of Spirits	50
Glee, written in 1791.	51
On the Death of Mr Aſhwin	52
On Hatton	53
Elegy on a Mother and Siſter	54
To Laura	57
A Retroſpect	58
On Solihull	61
On the Death of Mrs. Wearden	64
Song on a Flirt	65
On Dr. P——y	68
To Fancy	70
The Coquette	72
To Mrs Pickering	73
The Je ne ſçai quoi	74
Tranſlated into Latin	75
On the Twenty-ninth of May	76
Tranſlated into Engliſh	77

ADDITIONAL PIECES.

	PAGE
TO John Morfitt, Eſq.	3
On a fine Boy	5
On the Death of Mrs. Wollaſton	6
To Mrs. Pickering's Subſcribers	7
Old Age, an Elegy	9
To a young Lady	13
To the Rev. Mr. Jaques	14
To Mrs. Yates, on the Death of her Son	18
Elegy on the Rev. Mr. Pixel	21
Eight Sonnets	25
On the Martyrdom of Marie Antoinette.	33

AN IRREGULAR ODE,

On the Situation of FRANCE, *before the Retreat of the Duke of Brunſwick.*

TO arms! To arms! To arms!
Remoteſt Europe rings with loud alarms;
Aloft th' imperial Eagles fly,
And, *black with vengeance*, darken all the ſky:
And ſee! the Pruſſian hero ſprings,
To ſtrike the God-like blow;
To vindicate the *Rights of Kings*,
And lay the cruel low!

To France, of worſe than ſavages the prey,
Religion's butcher, virtue's grave,
Th' united legions wedge their way,—
But not to conquer—'tis to ſave:
Greatly to ſave a miſerable ſhore,
Where *infant* hands are ſtain'd with *infant* gore.

Heard you not that horrid cry?
The frantic ſhriek, th' expiring groan?

See hoary prieſts by hundreds die,
While *female fiends* inſult their feeble moan:
Tear from the ruin'd church its ſacred lead,
Ranſack the tombs, and violate the dead.

Within the TEMPLE's dreary bound,
Virtue her royal victims views;
By day, by night, each ſight, each ſound,
Senſations worſe than death renews:
No friend, no pitying friend is near,
To catch the ſigh, or mix the tear;
But malice ſcowls, and vengeance low'rs
New horror on the paſſing hours;
Gallia's diſhevell'd Queen, with anguiſh wild,
Hears the terrific ſhout, and claſps her ſhivering child.

Can climes, where pity pours her tear,
Endure this ſanguinary yell?
Can Europe, poliſh'd Europe, bear
Theſe ſons of *anarchy and hell?*
Haſte from the ways of men, ye monſters, haſte
To trackleſs deſarts, and the howling waſte;
With Indian war-whoops join your ſavage ſcream,
On fell Ontario's banks, or Miſſiſippi's ſtream!

Is this your generous patriot plan?
Is this your boaſted *liberty?*
Are theſe the *glorious Rights of Man?*
Can none but cannibals be free?
Can *true philoſophy* impart
Precepts that petrify the heart?
Has liberty, the child of heaven,
To you th' atrocious *Charter* given
The great to ruin, immolate the good,
To ſqueeze the murder'd heart, and quaff its
ſpouting blood?

Commiſſioned from above, advance,
Ye truly, ye humanely brave!
Oh! ſave the poor remains of France;
Spite of herſelf the maniac ſave!
Let infant boſoms, newly gor'd,
Let beauty's blood-polluted form,
Sharpen the ſoldier's gleaming ſword,
And nerve the martial arm:
Juſtice at length her volley'd vengeance pours,
And heaven's own thunder ſpeaks, when your
artillery roars!

Rich hard you dogs and burst the doors

ELEGY ON READING GEORGE BARNWELL.

NO more let buſkin'd heroes ſweep the ſtage,
Nor purple tyrants ſwell the ſolemn ſhew;
While the mind ſhudders at their frantic rage,
But feels no pity for the pomp of woe.

Ye ſcenes of terror chill no more my heart;
Let humbler woes employ the tragic pen:
More uſeful leſſons humbler woes impart;
For few are MONARCHS, but we all are MEN.

When youth and beauty unſuſpecting fall,
The dupes of cunning, and of guilt the prey,
The tear humane obeys the tender call,
And artleſs pity ſighs her ſoul away.

Yes, gen'rous breaſts! 'tis virtue then to grieve;
Heav'nly the drops that fall on yonder bier:
One pitying ſigh ſevereſt breaſts may heave,
And ſtern-ey'd juſtice drop one pitying tear.

Poor, ruin'd Barnwell! much I mourn thy fate,
By fiery youth and female arts undone;
Great was thy crime, and thy temptation great:
I mourn thy fate, and tremble for my own.

Youth

Youth of the brighteſt hopes, and firmeſt truth,
What could thy mind to horrid murder move?
Thou once waſt ſpotleſs, and thy early youth
Was dear to virtue, Barnwell, dear to love.

Home to my heart thy fatal failings come;
How can I ſtand the ſyren pleaſure's call?
The youth who mourns thy ignominious doom,
Like thee has paſſions, and like thee may fall.

Full well the weakneſs of the heart I know,
When youth impels it, and when beauty warms;
Beauty---whoſe magic glances can beſtow
On vice ſuch graces, and on ruin charms.

With thee, Maria, will I drop the tear; [ceaſe?
And what hard heart ſhall bid our ſorrows
Shall we not join a felon's lips in pray'r,
And bid a murd'rer's aſhes ſleep in peace?

LINES ADDRESSED TO A MOTHER,

On the Death of a ſweet Girl, Aged Four Years.

O Ceaſe thy little darling to deplore;
Reaſon, religion, bid thee weep no more!

To happier realms thy lovely prattler flies,
Exchanging tranſient for eternal joys.
Perhaps the little ſaint ſurveys thy cares, [tears.
And, tho' an angel, weeps, to ſee a mother's

Think on the ills that human life perplex,
The pains that rack us, and the cares that vex;
From theſe thy child finds refuge in the tomb,
And leaves us toiling in the dreary gloom.
Death is no tyrant to a ſoul like this;
His frown is mercy, and his torment bliſs.
She is not loſt; the roſe that ſeem'd to die
Is but tranſplanted to its native ſky.

When thou ſhalt mingle with thy parent clay,
And thy freed ſpirit ſeek the realms of day!
Thy Nelly, glowing with celeſtial love,
Shall liſp thy welcome to the choirs above;
Explain the glories of the bright abode, [God!
Flutter her cherub wings, and lead thee to thy

VERSES ADDRESSED TO A FEMALE FRIEND.

YE gentle gales, that fan the breaſt of ſpring,
Bear me indignant from the gaudy ſcenes
Of taſtleſs grandeur, and unfeeling wealth,
To ſimple pleaſures ſweet! Quick let me change
Skies grim with ſmoke for purer æther; Cries
That ſhock the ſtartled ear for rural ſounds;

The

The bawling duſtman for the milkmaid blithe;
The houſe-bred ſparrow for the woodland lark!
I fear the courtier's, hate the tradeſman's cringe
Inſidious, ſenſeleſs form, and empty ſound!

Haſte then away, from theſe polluted ſcenes,
To rural grots and groves; where I may quaff
The cream nectareous, climb the tow'ring hill,
Or loiter in the vale, where zephyrs bland,
Bruſh with light pinion the loquacious rill,
Or bend in undulating ſhades the graſs.

HORSFORTH! how lovely was thy landſcape once! [woods
Thy upland lawns, and brawling brooks, and
Wide-waving! yellow heaths, and cultur'd park,
Where art meets nature ſmiling: where I ſung
The live-long day, till night the joyous ſtrain
Stopt; unrelenting night that knows no dawn!
From theſe death-darken'd ſcenes, with tearful eyes,
HATTON, I turn to thee; thy tangled copſe,
And widely-ſcatter'd farms: withdrawn from [view,
In ſacred ſolitude, and nobly plain,
Thy church invites my ſteps, by rugged elms
Surrounded, and the dark funereal yew.

In ſuch a place, ſo ſolemn, and ſo ſtill,
Pale eve approaching, in ſepulchral ſtrains,
GRAY ſtruck his heav'n-ſtrung lyre; and, ſweetly ſad,
Hallow'd, with tuneful tears, the poor man's grave!

VERSES IN IMITATION OF COLLINS's ODE TO THE EVENING.

WHILE ſallow autumn tinges all the groves,
The dark leaf fading to a yellower green,
Beſide yon dimpled pool,
Which ſportive ſwallows ſkim,
In airy rings, ſequeſter'd let me rove;
And, in delicious indolence, devote,
Glean'd from the buſy week,
One moment to the muſe.

O had I, COLLINS, thy melodious reed,
Whoſe "Paſtoral Touch," beneath the blooming thorn,
Sooth'd the chaſte ear of Eve,
And match'd "her dying gales!"
Sweeteſt of ſongſters! While yon ſetting ſun
Shall ſtreak the ſkies with crimſon, grateful [Eve
With tears of freſheſt dew
Shall bathe thy early grave!

The

The hills no longer ring with ſocial glee,
The virgin's modeſt titter, the broad laugh
That ſhook the bumpkin's ſides,
And tir'd the Echoes round:
Far as the eye can ſtretch, the ſickle's toil
Has clear'd the glebe, ſave where, diſperſ'd and dark,
Some lingering beans are left, Oh for a Slice of bac
Dry ruſtling in the breeze.

How lovely ſmiles the landſcape! not a ſound
Swells in the gale, ſave where yon jovial ſwains,
The plenteous harveſt houſ'd,
Shout o'er their feſtal ale: I wish I was with the
Save where, in yonder ſtubble fields, the youth
Whiſtles his ready ſpaniel, and anon
Erects the fatal tube,
That thunders through the ſky.

The ſun no longer flames with downward ray,
Nor hides ſo oft as when young APRIL gloom'd,
Behind ſome fleecy cloud
His ſhy precarious beams.
Nor too obtruſive, nor yet too retir'd,
(Emblem of princes good as well as great!)
The bright-hair'd monarch ſheds
His gentle, genial beam.

Can

Can full-blown ſummer, or fair-opening ſpring,
Her budding roſes, and her lucid ſhow'rs,
(Like tears of prattling babes,
That gliſten and are gone,)
Can they compare with this heart-ſoothing calm,
This ſweet autumnal ſadneſs, that prepares,
With gentleſt change, the mind
For winter's awful reign?

Ah me! how few and fading are our joys!
Ev'n while we ſpeak the tranſient bliſs expires.
Methinks ev'n now the gale
That fans yon trembling trees
Begins to murmer louder, and announce
Grim winter near, in all his ſtorms array'd,
To ſtrip the with'ring grove,
And deſolate the plain.

The mind ſtill varies with the varying year;
Laughs with the joyous ſpring; in ſummer faint,
Lethargic and relax'd
Beneath the ſultry noon:
Aſſumes in autumn a more ſober tone,
A noble ſtillneſs; and in winter frowns,
Chearleſs as blaſted heaths,
And gloomy as the ſkies.

Ere

Ere then the turbid days arrive, when clouds
Shall ſnatch yon azure canopy from view,
When driving rains ſhall beat,
And flaky ſnows deſcend,
Be mine, inſpiring autumn, ſtill to watch
Thy lateſt gleams, and, bath'd in orient dews,
With PERSIAN homage hail
Thy roſy-finger'd morn!

LINES WRITTEN IN A ROOT-HOUSE, AT HORSFORTH, IN YORKSHIRE.

By W. S. STANHOPE, *Eſq.*

BENEATH theſe ſhaggy roots, groteſque and rude,
A ſpot retir'd, for lonely muſing made,
Let all be peace! no tow'ring thought intrude,
No paſſions fierce diſturb the gentle ſhade.

Here let the harraſſ'd mind repoſe at laſt;
Lull'd be each anxious thought of future life;
Forgot all paſt purſuits, all pleaſures paſt:
Ah! dearly bought, with pain, and toil, and ſtrife!

How ſweeter far to taſte the breath of morn,
Or grateful coming on of evening mild,
To ſcent the fragrance of the blooming thorn,
And waſte the tranquil hours in rambles wild!

The daſh of diſtant water-falls to hear,
The lowing kine, or linnet's lay of love,
On flow'ry hay to ſlumber, void of care,
Or wake, and walk with Thomſon thro' the grove!

Such the lov'd leiſure, ſuch the genuine joys
Of rural life, the happy healthful lot!
Haſte then from LONDON's wealth, and ſmoke, and noiſe,
To ſimple pleaſures, and the ſylvan grot!

AN ANSWER WRITTEN UNDER THE ABOVE,

By J. MORFITT, *Eſq.*

AH! what avail the beauties thus you praiſe,
The ſeats of rural innocence and love!
The lowing kine, the little linnet's lays,
Or all the tufted honours of the grove!

Thy

Thy happy hours, dear HORSFORTH, now are flown;
No STANHOPE deigns thy ſloping meads to chear:
Ah! ſee yon courts with ſordid weeds o'ergrown!
No hoſpitable GENIUS lingers there.

Where is the hand that taught yon park to ſmile,
And bade its flow'ring ſhrubs correctly bloom?
Where is the hand that chear'd the labourer's toil,
And ſent his honeſt heart rejoicing home?

Does thy gay rambler think it will ſuffice,
To give theſe lonely vales unmeaning praiſe?
Commend their charms, and yet their charms deſpiſe,
Withdraw his preſence, and beſtow his lays?

O would the youth vouchſafe with us to ſtay,
Leave ſmoky town, and join the rural throng!
For his repoſe we'd ſpread the "flow'ry hay;"
For him ſhould "linnets" pour their ſweeteſt ſong.

But

But ceaſe, neglected HORSFORTH! ceaſe to mourn!
Superior cares thy fav'rite youth await;
Wiſh not the noble Senator's return,
Who quits a village to ſupport a ſtate.

Thy STANHOPE wiſely ſcorns inactive joys,
Nor trims his ſhrubs, nor tends his rural care;
But for his injur'd country he employs
His voice in council, and his arm in war.

LINES ADDRESSED TO POET FREETH OF BIRMINGHAM.

Ævo rariſſima noſtro
Simplicitas. OVID.

LET bookiſh bards, whom ſcholars call divine,
"With claſſic buckram ſtiffen ev'ry line;"
Let laureate WHARTON, in the neweſt modes,
Carve out thoſe ſplendid trifles—birth-day odes;
Proceed, dear Freeth, to chaunt thy native lay,
Sweet as the thruſh, that whiſtles on the ſpray!

I hate

I hate the dull cold progeny of art?
Mine be the ſprightly offspring of the heart;
Mine be the ſtrain that flows from nature's tongue,
The ploughman's carol, and the milkmaid's ſong.
I love the muſe in robes of country brown;
Not flaunting like a lady of the town.
I hate to ſee Parnaſſian waters toſt,
And, in forc'd curves, elaborately loſt;
Mine be the ſtrain that no reſtriction knows,
But down its pebbly channel gently flows.

What magic ſweet ſimplicity diſplays!
Thy manners, Freeth, are artleſs as thy lays;
Averſe to ſatire, enemy to ſtrife,
No rancour ſtains thy paper, or thy life:
All friends of native wit, or ſocial glee,
Shall charge a ſparkling glaſs, and fill a pipe
to thee!

ODE ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE morning dawns; from cherub lyres
How ſweet the warbled theme aſpires,
A theme ſo ſweet to man!

'Tis

'Tis peace, 'tis mercy, and 'tis love;
It hymns a Saviour from above:
Redemption ſwells the ſtrain.

With quiring cherubims divine
Let us our humbler voices join,
For ours are grateful lays;
For us he leaves the bright abode:
The glorious ſeraphs praiſe a GOD,
But we a SAVIOUR praiſe.

While eaſtern ſages humbly greet
"The prince of peace," with ev'ry ſweet
Sabæan groves impart,
O let our thankful pæans riſe,
More grateful incenſe to the ſkies,
The incenſe of the heart!

ISAIAH, heav'n-illumin'd ſage,
The clouded raptures of thy page
This hallow'd morn diſplays;
The rays of promiſ'd mercy now
Around a new-born Saviour's brow
Wave, with redundant blaze!

The hills that trembled in thy ſtrain
Act their wild tranſports o'er again;
Again the mountains nod,
In homage rude: the deſarts glow
With alien ſweets—the vallies low
Spring up, to meet their God!

The world's great SHEPHERD Shepherds hear;
And hark! the ſtooping choirs declare
He comes, who comes to ſave!
No more ſhall helpleſs man deplore,
The weeping ſinner's hopes no more
Sink flagging in the grave.

For ſee! ſalvation's helm diſplay'd!
See on a tender infant's head
Collective guilt is hurl'd!
And, tho' ſtrict juſtice hold the ſcale,
That tender infant ſhall prevail,
And poize a ſinking world!

ODE ON EASTER-DAY.

HAIL, ſacred morn, refulgent light!
That uſher'ſt in, ſerenely bright,
The great, the glorious day!

The day that bids our ſorrows ceaſe,
The day that brings eternal peace,
And wipes our ſins away!

What tuneful pæans rend the ſkies!
See the triumphant Saviour riſe,
And quit the yawning grave!
Ye ſeraphs, ſtrike the golden ſtring,
And on your lyres extatic ſing
Meſſiah born to ſave!

Not all the agonies of death,
Not all the pangs of parting breath
Subdue the prince above:
Not all his fate's ſevereſt doom,
Nor all the horrors of the tomb
Confine his laſting love.

Redemption! bleſt, enchanting thought!
By Jesse's glorious offspring wrought,
And purchaſ'd by his blood!
What ſtrains ſhall thankful mortals raiſe,
What ſongs reſound his endleſs praiſe,
Or hail the conquering God?

Riſe, tow'ring Salem! happy land!
Protected by Jehovah's hand,
In all thy luſtre riſe!
See thy victorious Saviour come,
Exulting, from the gaping tomb,
To bleſs thy longing eyes!

When thy bewilder'd ſons were laid,
Oppreſſ'd with ſin's devouring ſhade,
Devoid of virtue's rays,
He pierc'd the ſolid gloom of night,
He ſent the Goſpel's radiant light,
And ſpread religion's blaze.

Hear how he vents his piercing ſighs!
See on the trembling croſs he dies!
IMMANUEL! Prince ador'd!
Hark! ſympathetic mountains groan,
And the convulſive rocks bemoan
The world's expiring Lord!

But raiſe the hymn, the vocal ſong!
Attune your notes, ye feather'd throng,
And frame your ſweeteſt lays!
Ye ſpiry firs, your heads incline!
Majeſtic mountains nod, the ſign
Of great IMMANUEL's Praiſe!

The ſun's all-penetrating beams,
His glowing orb—his vital ſtreams,
And Cynthia's ſilver ray,
Their light abaſh'd, their ſtrength out-done,
Shall yield to this immortal ſun,
And own eternal day.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A NEW-MARRIED COUPLE.

AND are thoſe lingering hands for ever join'd
So ſlow, yet fond, ſo cautious, yet ſo kind?
How pure the wiſh, how temper'd the deſire!
The head all coolneſs, and the heart all fire!
Celeſtial ſweets your nuptial garlands breathe;
Love lends the flowers, and prudence forms the wreath.

Yet know, though cruel abſence ſhut the ſcene,
And threw a length of dreary miles between,
Know gentle pair, that fancy brought me nigh;
A wiſh my flight, my vehicle a ſigh.
Unſeen I ſtood, and ſaw the pomp appear,
Saw liv'ried Cupids mount behind your chair;

Then

"Sir, I believe it on your word alone,
I could not had I ſee them with my own"

Then to the Church, exulting, led the way,
And heard Amelia ſpeak herſelf away;
Saw the fond look the lingering vow out-run,
The compact finiſh'd, ere the rite begun.

The pomp is paſt, and vaniſh'd the parade,
The gloves all ſullied, and the flowers all dead.
The bridal cake, a now neglected thing,
Forgets it's myſtic paſſage through the ring;
Nor, ſhooting magic through the pillow'd head,
Calls the gay viſion round the fair one's bed.

But, gentle pair, in bright ſucceſſion riſe
Far purer tranſports, and more laſting joys.
Paſſion will yield to friendſhip's fervid flame,
And love be mellow'd to a milder name.
"Something than beauty dearer" will ſupply
The faded form of face, and prompt th' extatic
ſigh.

SONG ON HIS MAJESTY's RESTORATION TO HEALTH.

Tune,——"*Rule Britannia*, &c.

I.

WITH more than wintry gloom oppreſt,
Four dreary months Britannia lay;

 With

With more than vernal beauty dreſt,
Now roſy ſpring leads on the day:

CHORUS.

For now has Heaven's all-gracious hand
Reſtor'd the King, and ſav'd the land.

II.

He, to his royal couch confin'd,
And ſtretch'd upon the rack of pain,
Rav'd reſtleſs to the ſavage wind,
While millions pour the tear in vain:

CHO. But now, &c.

III.

The ſun that chear'd the queen of iſles
Awhile withdrew his golden beams:
But now again the landſcape ſmiles,
Again the radiant monarch flames.

CHO. For now, &c.

IV.

The clouds diſperſ'd, he ſtill purſues,
Unwearied, his celeſtial way:
The ſhort eclipſe his ſtrength renews,
And gives a more diſtinguiſh'd day.

CHO. For now, &c.

Let

V.

Let choral peals of grateful joy
  Unceaſing roll from ſhore to ſhore!
To hell let malice howling fly,
  And ſerpent faction hiſs no more.

CHO. For now, &c.

VI.

In poliſh'd verſe, or carol rude,
  From ev'ry breaſt let tranſport ſpring!
The *good man* muſt eſteem the *good*,
  And patriots hail a patriot King.

CHO. For now, &c.

VII.

Long may great GEORGE o'er Britain reign,
  While vict'ry guards her rocky coaſts!
The dread of France, the ſcourge of Spain,
  Protected by the God of hoſts!

CHO. For now, &c.

VERSES TO AMANDA.

YE pert coquettes! ye ſilly flirts adieu!
My ſoul is ſick of vanity—and you.
I hate, I pity, I deſpiſe your aim,
When your eyes ſparkle with fictitious flame.
A few ſhort hours ye flutter as a toaſt,
While all the WOMAN in the FLIRT is loſt.

But come, thou dear reverſe of things like theſe,
Come, my Amanda, truly form'd to pleaſe!
Enrich'd with graces, whoſe perpetual power
Improves the chearful, chears the penſive hour:
Graces that pleaſe, and will for ever pleaſe—
Good ſenſe, good humour, dignity and eaſe.
By thee my life, my conduct I will mend,
O worthy of the ſacred name of friend!
To thee for kind condolance I will fly,
The tide of anguiſh ſtreaming from my eye.
For me thy ready, generous tears will flow;
For thou haſt felt, and thou can'ſt pity woe.

With thee, my dear Amanda, I deſpiſe
The world's vain pomp, it's buſtle and it's noiſe.

The

The venom'd ſhafts of ſlander I defy,
The ſecret whiſper, and the daring lye:
The rude attack, the dark inſidious wile,
And the falſe heart that lurks beneath a ſmile.
Peace to my ſoul! at length I've liv'd to ſee
That one is faithful, faithful only ſhe.
Away falſe hopes, vain doubts, and groundleſs fears!
See through the gloom my better ſtar appears!
My panting heart at length ſhall taſte of eaſe;
O my Amanda! truly form'd to pleaſe.

LINES ON COMMERCE.

PARENT of uſeful arts, Britannia's boaſt,
Source of her wealth, and guardian of her coaſt,
O commerce, hail! new life my muſe inhales,
To ſee the breezes fill thy ſwelling ſails;
To ſee thy gallant bark the ocean brave,
Hear the departing ſhout, and watch the whitening wave!

Propitious pow'r! thy gentle arts refin'd
Uncultur'd life, and civiliz'd mankind;
Remoteſt climes to friendly converſe drew,
And ſtretch'd a chain from CHINA to PERU.

All

All the rich ſcences exalted Britain yields,
Her crowded towns, and cultivated fields,
Her wealth, extending far as oceans roll,
Her naval thunders, heard from pole to pole,
All ſpring from thee, prolific parent, all;
With thee they flouriſh, and with thee they fall.
And oh! auſpicious pow'r! we owe to thee
Our beſt, our trueſt wealth, our LIBERTY.

Look on the horrid hue of ancient reigns,
What ſcenes of blood, of cruelty and chains!
King, Lords, and Clergy ſhar'd the ſtern command,
And triple tyranny devour'd the land.
The royal brutes indulg'd their ſavage taſte,
Turn'd fields to foreſts, and laid Counties waſte.
The helpleſs Commons trembled, and obey'd;
Their wealth a cypher, and their pow'r a ſhade.

But, ſoon as commerce ſpread her golden reign,
And ſent the proud bark dancing o'er the main,
This ſcene of terrors vaniſh'd from the view;
The Lords look'd little, and the Commons grew.
A milder aſpect Majeſty aſſumes; [plumes.
Stripp'd of his bloody robes, and haughty
Their

Their heads erect the dauntleſs Commons
ſhew'd;
The bold aſſerters of their country's good.
Then roſe the ſpirit of old Greece and Rome,
And freedom's thunders ſhook the Senate dome.

Offspring of trade, O BIRMINGHAM beware,
Of luxury, the ſyren! ſhun her ſnare!
Let other towns in empty ſplendour ſhine;
The glories of FRUGALITY be thine;
This friend to trade, ye ſons of commerce,
know,
Guards it when high; and raiſes it when low.
To this the DUTCHMAN owes his endleſs hoards;
This made poor Fiſhers high and mighty Lords:
Turns bogs to paſtures, the wild ſea reſtrains,
And pours PACTOLUS in a LAND OF DRAINS.
Trade, thus ſupported will for ever bear
The weight of Taxes, and the ſhock of War.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE MUCH-REGRETTED Mr. ROLLASON.

SHAME on the muſe! the ſelfiſh, ſordid fair
Courts painted pomp, and doats on FASHION's glare.

When

When GRANDEUR mingles with its parent duſt
Eager ſhe twines the wreath, and decks the buſt;
But ſcorns to follow merit's lowly bier,
Nor gives departed ROLLASON a tear.
Let FRIENDSHIP then the mournful taſk aſſume,
To ſtrew a ruſtic garland o'er his tomb.

Dear ſhade! forbade in life's high walks to ſhine,
The humbler, happier virtues all were thine.
Free from the fop's grimace, the pedant's pride,
Thine was good ſenſe, the plain, but ſteady guide.
A Tradeſman thou, without the Tradeſman's guile,
The cringe inſidious, and the practiſ'd ſmile.
Pattern to all who fill that buſy ſphere,
Though courteous, manly, civil, yet ſincere,
In hours of leiſure innocently gay——
But ceaſe, officious muſe, th' obtruſive lay!
His bluſhing merit ever ſhun'd parade,
And, like the violet, bloom'd beneath the ſhade.
Unwearied toil, by too ſevere a doom,
Victim of virtue! ſunk thee to the tomb.
Long, lingering pains the chriſtian hero bore,
Smil'd on approaching death, and dared the tyrant's pow'r. When-

Whene'er thy FAITHFUL CHRONICLE * I ſee,
Afflictive memory ſtill runs back to thee;
O'er ſprightly tidings caſts a penſive eye,
And dims the brighteſt column with a ſigh.
Ev'n when I ſaw that Britain's gracious Lord
To his tranſported millions was reſtor'd,
My patriot breaſt conflicting paſſions tore;
My KING recover'd, but my FRIEND no more!

O early loſt! ill can the muſe eſſay
To guide the pencil, and thy worth pourtray.
Cold damps of horror ſtrike me from the tomb,
Chill my warm hopes, and blaſt my youthful bloom.
In ev'ry thought black melancholy reigns,
And ev'ry pulſe beats languid in my veins.
Departed peace no med'cine can reſtore——
I ſoon ſhall ſink in duſt, and be what I deplore.

LINES WRITTEN SOON AFTER THE BATTLE OF CAMPDEN, AND THE DEATH OF MAJOR ANDRE.

WHAT muſe, O Britain, longs not to relate
Cornwallis' conqueſts, and brave Andre's fate?

* Mr. Rollaſon was one of the Editors of the celebrated BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE.

Who

Who, tell me who, aſtoniſh'd nations cry,
Like this can conquer, or like that can die?

Proceed, Cornwallis, in thy glorious line;
To fight, to vanquiſh, and to ſave be thine!
*Soon, 'ſpite of haughty Spain, and wily France,
Shall proud rebellion ſink beneath thy lance!
Soon ſhall the wounded Hydra pant for breath,
And twiſt in all the agonies of death.
Glory awaits thee, with her brighteſt rays,
Thy monarch's favour, and thy country's praiſe.

But what, poor Andre, what remains for thee?
The ſoldier's tear, the muſe's elegy.
O matchleſs courage! common heroes dare
Meet death, undaunted, in the walks of war.
Example animates, and glory charms,
The ſhout of warriors, and the din of arms.
But thou, whoſe boſom panted after fame,
Calm and ſerene cou'd'ſt die the death of ſhame.
Struck with thoſe virtues which he would not ſpare,
Behold the canc'rous rebel drop a tear!

* Though *Poet* and *Prophet* are one and the ſame thing in the LATIN, our *Engliſh* Poet was certainly no Prophet in *this* inſtance; however the concluſion of the paragraph has proved truly Prophetic.

But hence with idle ſorrows from your eyes!
Riſe to revenge, ye ſons of Britain riſe!
Let Andre's fate each martial boſom warm,
Edge every ſword, and ſinew every arm!
With tenfold fury charge the murd'rous foe,
Chaſtize the cruel, lay the haughty low!
O tell them, loud as all your guns can roar,
The good, the gallant Andre is no more!

ODE ON PITY.

ADIEU, the day's fatiguing glare!
See through the dew-beſprinkled air
Gray twilight ſlowly ſail!
The faint remains of lingering light
Juſt ſtruggle with invading night,
And ſoften'd ſhades prevail.

Theſe are the glooms that ſadly pleaſe;
Such ſweetly-darkling glooms as theſe
Young pity are thy own!
O gentle Cherub, born to feel,
Proprietor of foreign Ill,
And heir of every groan!

Pleaſure

Pleaſure and pain, thoſe foes profeſt,
Alternate tyrants of the breaſt,
Compaſſion reconciles;
To form her penſive ſweets they pour
Each ſparkling tear, each April ſhow'r,
Each anguiſh wreath'd with ſmiles.

For you, ye wood-bewilder'd pair
Of helpleſs babes, what tender care
Once wrung my infant breaſt,
When pity bade her robins bring
A ſylvan ſhroud of leaves, and ſing
Her fellow-babes to reſt!

When injur'd Socrates is ſeen
Quaffing the poiſon'd bowl ſerene,
And pitying every foe,
In vain the great example charms;
The tragic ſcene the ſoul diſarms,
And tears inſtinctive flow.

When hoary Lear, in frantic ſtrains,
Of filial cruelty complains,
What anguiſh rends the ſoul!
Hark! how the Royal Maniac raves!
With naked breaſt the ſtorm he braves,
And mocks it's ſavage howl!

But weep we muſt; the lib'ral arts
With pleaſing ſorc'ry in our hearts
For ever raiſe alarms:
Sweet muſic's magic all confeſs;
The breathing canvaſs talks diſtreſs,
And tortures as it charms.

How lovely beauty's ſelf appears,
Seen through the lucid veil of tears,
Like the bright ſtar of eve!
Flow then, ye ſoft effuſions, flow;
'Tis generous to condole with woe,
And God-like to relieve!

CHURCH AND KING, A SONG.

Written in 1791.

WHILE o'er the bleeding corpſe of France
Wild anarchy exulting ſtands,
And female fiends around her dance,
With fatal Lamp-cords in their hands,

CHORUS.

We Britons ſtill united ſing
Old England's glory, CHURCH AND KING.

Poor France! whom bleſſings cannot
bleſs—
By too much liberty undone!
Defect were better than *Exceſs*;
For having *all* is having *none*.

CHO. But Britons ſtill, &c.

True freedom is a temp'rate treat;
Not ſavage mirth, nor frantic noiſe:
'Tis the briſk pulſe's vital heat,
And not a fever that deſtroys.

CHO. Then Britons ſtill, &c.

The Gallic lillies droop, and die;
Profan'd by many a patriot knave:
Her clubs command, her nobles fly;
Her church a martyr, King a ſlave!

CHO. But Britons ſtill, &c.

While, pillow'd on his peoples' breaſt,
Our Sovereign ſleeps ſecure, ſerene——
Unhappy Louis knows no reſt,
But mourns his more unhappy Queen!

CHO. Then Britons ſtill, &c.

He

He finds his Palace a Baſtile,
Amid the ſhouts of liberty;
Doom'd every heart-felt pang to feel,
For merely ſtriving to be free,
CHO. Ah Britons! ſtill; &c.

Go, Democratic Demons, go! I hope you mean to go yourself
In France your horrid Banquet keep!
Feaſt on degraded Prelates' woe,
And drink the tears that monarchs weep!
CHO. While Britons ſtill, &c.

Our Church is fix'd on truth's firm rock,
And mocks each ſacrilegious hand;
In ſpite of each *electric ſhock*
The heaven-defended ſteeples *ſtand!*
CHO. And Britons ſtill, &c.

Old Britiſh ſenſe, and Britiſh fire,
Shall guard the freedom we poſſeſs;
Let Prieſtley write, let Paine conſpire——
We aſk no more, we fear no leſs:

CHORUS.

But ſtill with hearts united ſing
Old England's glory, CHURCH AND KING.

SUNG AT THE SOCIETY OF THE LOYAL TRUE BLUES.

Tune,— "*God ſave the King.*"

I.

BRITONS at length ariſe!
And, drowning faction's noiſe,
Loyally ſing!
Sing all both low and high,
Old age with feeble cry,
And prattling infancy——
God ſave the King!

II.

D—mn *French Equality*——
Old *Britiſh Liberty*
Bravely defend!
Freedom that's *prov'd and tried*,
For which our Fathers died,
Shall be Britannia's pride,
World without end.

In

III.

In *glorious Ballance* ſtill
King, Lords, and Commons will
Liberty poize:
While Gallic politics,
In ſpite of all their tricks,
No time will ever fix——
Nonſenſe and noiſe!

IV.

Hence ye reformers fly!
Let ſerpent faction die,
And trade increaſe!
French folly makes us wiſe,
Falſe patriots we deſpiſe,
And, like true Britons, prize
Roaſt beef and peace.

V.

This beauteous ſcheme of things
Shall *Paine*, ſworn foe to *Kings*,
By ſcribbling ſhake?
Shall low-bred villainy,
Bawling equality,
Plunder your property?
Britons awake!

VI.

Soldiers your oaths regard!
Your King and Country's guard,
Vigilant be;
Sons of the roaring main,
Tell that *Old Traitor Paine*
GEORGE reigns, and ſtill ſhall reign,
KING o'er the FREE!

SUNG AT THE SOCIETY OF THE LOYAL TRUE BLUES.

Tune,—"*Ballance a Straw.*"

ALL ye who rejoice in a well-balanc'd ſtate,
Who reſpect what is *good* and revere what is *great*,
Who glory to ſee our Exchequer run o'er,
And hear with new vigour the *old Lion* roar;

CHORUS.

Drink a health to Britannia, the brave and humane,
Who has ſav'd Europe ever, and will ſave her again.

Can

II.

Can BRITONS be tir'd of their Grandeur and Wealth?
Are they ſick of good living---or dying of health?
For *French Aſſignats* ſhall we change our *Bank Notes*,
Or quit honeſt callings for cutting of throats?

CHORUS.

No—Let's drink to Britannia, the Brave and Humane,
Who has ſav'd Europe ever, and will ſave her again.

III.

EQUALITY, we find, is a comical Thing——
It ſays *yes* to a Beggar, and *no* to a King;
The Sweep may exult in this new-fangled Creed,
And the King of the Gypſies be a great Man *indeed.*

CHO. Let us drink to Britannia, &c.

IV.

Shall ſuch Frenchified Maxims in England be ſpread,
As to murder the Living, and plunder the Dead?

Shall we rummage St. Giles' for *Magiſtrates* and *May'rs*,
And people St. Stephen's with *Butchers* and with *play'rs* ?

CHO. No---Let's drink to Britannia, &c.

V.

DUMOURIER the vain, who makes Bragging his Trade,
With his *Tatterdemalions* wou'd Holland invade;
The *Bald Rumps* will follow, we'll venture to ſwear,
For Dutchmen, they know have got *Breeches* to ſpare.

CHO. Let us drink to Britannia, &c.

VI.

Their Threats we deſpiſe---let the Ragamuffins come,
With no Corn in their Gizzards, and no Breeches on their Bum;
We'll feed ere we fight them, our Soldiers will ſay,
For to ſhoot at ſuch Scare-crows is Powder flung away.

CHO. Then let's drink to Britannia, &c.

After

VII.

After turning his Quid, honeſt RATLIN will ſay——
Here's no time for Palaver---my brave Boys fire away
Let's try if Roaſt Beef, or Soup Meagre's in the Right,
The Lubbers can *murder*---but, damme! can they *fight*?

CHO. No---then drink to Britannia, &c.

VIII.

To humble theſe Heroes, ſo tatter'd and torn,
We will block up their Ports, and we'll lock up our Corn;
Let them ſtarve and be d---d, for we Engliſh-men think,
They ſhou'd fodder on *Air* who uſe *Blood* for their *Drink*.

CHO. Here's a Health to Britannia, &c.

IX.

We never will ſwerve from *Old Liberty's* Road,
But tread in the Paths which our Fathers have trod;

Falſe

False Patriots through wild Speculations may range,
The World may run mad---but TRUE BLUES cannot change.

CHORUS.

Then drink to Britannia---and let no one refuse;
Confusion to the *Blacks*, and Success to the BLUES.

SONG ON ASHTED,

A beautiful Hamlet adjoining to BIRMINGHAM.

1.

ALL ye who delight in a health-giving breeze,
Whom taste can attract, and whom nature can please,
From the regions of smoke, and the mansions of care,
To Ashted, to elegant Ashted repair!

No

II.

No noiſe here aſſails the gay parties that rove,
Save the lark in the ſkies, and the thruſh in the grove;
No anvils here clatter, no furnaces glare:
Then to Aſhted, to elegant Aſhted repair!

III.

When the dew-drops of morning ſo beautiful ſhine,
Loud carols the milkmaid, and deep low the kine;
Sons of trade, of the town's murky vapours beware,
And to Aſhted, to elegant Aſhted repair!

IV

When mild eve approaches, at pleaſure's gay call,
What numbers preſs by to the neighb'ring VAUXHALL!
While the gales a rich burthen of harmony bear,
To Aſhted, to elegant Aſhted repair!

The

V.

The ſoldier ſhall ſoon, with alluring cockade,
Here ſhoulder his muſquet, and march to parade;
While the trumpet's ſhrill ſound, and the drums rend the air,
To Aſhted, to elegant Aſhted repair!

VI.

And ſoon ſhall new Buſtle enliven the ſcene,
And Market ducks quack o'er the gravel and green;
With panniers full loaded, the roſy-cheek'd fair
Shall to Aſhted, to elegant Aſhted repair!

VII.

Fill a bumper to BROOKE, and let's cheerfully ſing,
The pride of Old England, her CHURCH and her KING;
Drink a halter to PAINE, and to PRIESTLEY deſpair:
And to Aſhted, to elegant Aſhted repair!

LINES

LINES ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

WHILE keen the ſurly north-winds blow,
And ſtreams in icy chains are bound,
With genial warmth each breaſt ſhall glow,
While dear MARIA's health goes round.

May every virtue, every grace
Thy progreſs, lovely maid, adorn,
And cheerful ſmile the winter's face,
And roſy riſe the ſummer's morn!

Ah! ſhun thoſe vain, deluding joys
That lead unpractiſ'd hearts aſtray;
And all the good and all the wiſe
Shall bleſs MARIA's natal day!

TO MISS WILSON, OF HATTON.

WITHIN this Cot, whoſe unambitious roof
Is half embower'd in trees, amid the noiſe
Of

Of ſcreaming geeſe and lowing kine, the child
Of ſweet ſimplicity, and rural grace,
My friend, my WILSON dwells. The gale of health
Plays on her cheek---which ſhames the bloom of art.

O thou, whoſe ſoul, congenial to my own,
Spurns the vile traſh of miſers, and the joys
Of female vanity, the pride of ſhew,
And fluttering faſhion's evaneſcent forms---
Books, and the converſe of the wiſe, to thee
Have far more charms than crowded rooms,
that blaze
With artificial light, the noiſy ſcenes
Of thoughtleſs joy, that "comes not to the heart!"

What bliſsful moments have I ſpent with thee,
Friend of my ſoul! Delicious is the fare,
However homely, when divine content [ſcene
Preſides at every meal. Each well-known
Fancy recalls; the antiquated clock,
And elbow-chair, where I have ſat, and quaff'd
The nut-brown ale, deviſing rebus quaint,
Or verſe myſterious puzzling, as I ween'd,
Sagacious Wilſon puzzling though in vain.

In ſummer's ſultry moments, when the town
Is wrapp'd in ſuffocating duſt, and law,
Tir'd with laborious pleading, ſeeks repoſe,
On friendſhip's eager wings to Hatton's ſeats
Umbrageous will I fly; and ſhare with thee
That ſolid bliſs which friendſhip only gives,
And friendſhip only can enjoy: with thee
I'll range the tawny mead, and, pitying, talk
Of human frailties, and of human woes;
Faults of the good, and follies of the wiſe!

ON THE DEATH OF CHANCELLOR BARON BOLLAND.

WHEN wits and ſtateſmen mix with common duſt
We write the *epitaph*, and raiſe the *buſt*;
For, though exalted talents we revere,
The ſocial virtues only claim the tear.
A train of friends will more ſincerely mourn
Round BOLLAND'S *grave*, than mighty CHATHAM'S *urn*.
For thee dear ſhade, devoid of pomp or art,
I pour the genuine ſorrows of my heart;
No gems of fancy in my verſe ſhall glow:
Away with bright conceit, and witty woe!

Thine was the liberal ſoul of blooming youth,
Ingenuous candour, and undaunted truth;
Thy manners gentle, and thy heart ſincere
Charm'd the reſerv'd, and ſoften'd the ſevere:
'Twas thine, oh! worthy of the name of friend,
Spirit with ſenſe, with firmneſs eaſe to blend;
On grief the balm of ſympathy to pour,
And charm with ſprightly chat the vacant hour!
Health in thy face diſplay'd its florid hue,
When a fierce fever tore thee from our view;
Hope's brighteſt phantoms danc'd before thine eyes,
And life's extended proſpect teem'd with joys!

Ah me! how ſoon theſe eyes that idly weep
May cloſe like thine in everlaſting ſleep!
How ſoon the hand that traces this ſad line
May be as ſenſeleſs and as cold as thine!
But, ſhould I fall by ſuch ſevere decree,
Oh! may I fall belov'd and mourn'd like thee;
And round my couch may friendſhip lightly tread,
Support me living, and lament me dead:
And may ſome muſe in ruſtic robes appear,
~~And ſtrew a wreath on my untimely bier!~~
And mourning cry, he died for want of

TO STELLA.

LET the gay world turn pleaſure into toil;
STELLA and I will ſit and chat the while.

Drink on ye bucks! indulge the jovial ſoul,
'Till reaſon ſinks in the triumphant bowl!
Dance on ye fair! inſpir'd by muſick's ſound,
Dance 'till your little giddy heads run round!
Smile on ye jilts! and love aſſiſt the ſmile!---
STELLA and I will ſit and chat the while.

O Love, thy genuine ardours are divine;
Expiring virtue lights her torch at thine!
In ſpite of all that hoary ſages ſay
Of virtue's charms, and vice's fatal ſway,
The breaſt of youth ſtill yields to lawleſs joys,
'Till ſtronger morals beam from beauty's eyes;
Her magic charms the bonds of pleaſure break,
Reſtrain the giddy, and reform the rake;
Love, genuine Love, by thouſands is confeſt
The ſacred fire that purges pure the breaſt.

Yes, lovely STELLA---generous, kind, and
true——
No ſordid thought can ſhare the heart with
YOU;
Reaſon's beſt choice, and fancy's fondeſt
theme——
At once creating paſſion and eſteem:
Before one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Pert wit grows dumb, and haughty learning
dies;
I feel Ambition's gloomy fires decay,
And every meaner paſſion die away:
Care flies the radiance of thy angel charms,
And peace eternal ſleeps within thy arms!

LINES WRITTEN UNDER A DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS.

WHERE ſhall I find, inſtruct me ſages,
where
A ſafe Aſylum from intruding care?
Shall I *Content* 'midſt hoary claſſics ſeek?
Dwells it in Latin? is it fond of Greek?
Can all thy precepts, Seneca, beſtow
One opiate drug to lull the ſenſe of woe?
Grief's

Grief's tyrant pow'r no ſages can diſarm,
A *Zeno* conquer, or a *Tully* charm!
O thou great pow'r, at whoſe moſt gracious will
Our joys are poiſon, and our "comforts kill,"
The air we breathe by thouſands can deſtroy,
Friendſhip is pain, and love is agony,
God of my youth! inſtruct my erring mind
The ſecret manſions of content to find!
Pour on the heart that eager flies to thee
The healing balm of ſoft tranquillity!
But, if I ne'er muſt taſte the ſweets of peace,
Teach me, my God, to dignify diſtreſs;
And bleſs thee, ever good and ever wiſe,
Whoſe love can wound, whoſe mercy can chaſtize!

GLEE.

Written in 1791.

WHILE Frenchmen are bawling for dear *Liberty*,
And think while they're mad to be ſure they are free,

To England, Old England the toaſt let us paſs——
" Here's no *Revolution*——but that of the glaſs !"

Our rights we're reſolv'd to *maintain*---not to *mend*;
What our father's blood purchaſ'd our own can defend.
Let MOUNSEERS in laws and in cooking refine;
We'll ſtick to plain ſenſe, and the ancient ſirloin;
And, half-drunk, or whole-drunk, we'll cheerfully ſing,
" Our Church and our Charters, our Country and King !"

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. ASHWIN,

Who unfortunately loſt his Life during the Riots at Birmingham.

WHEN hapleſs ASHWIN periſh'd in the cauſe
Of injur'd property---inſulted laws——
Religion

Religion wept; to hear his infants' cry
Soft pity's tear bedew'd fierce faction's eye:
All parties join'd to ſoothe the widow's woe,
And o'er her ſable cloud a cheering rainbow throw.
Illuſtrious ſeat of arts! the world around
Thy *Vices* and thy *Virtues* ſhall reſound!
Though rude thy *Rabble*, gen'rous is thy *Soul*,
And *rich the Liquor*, though the *Scum* be *foul!*

LINES ON HATTON.*

—— *Divini Gloria Ruris.* VIRGIL.

SACRED to ruſtic toil, and homely joys,
What wonders 'mid theſe ſylvan ſcenes ariſe!
Here ſcience fixes her rever'd abode,
And ſcholars walk where "weary plowmen trod;"
Aonian ſtrains in every grove we meet,
And the breeze blows poetically ſweet.

* A Village near Warwick; ~~the Reſidence of Dr. Parr.~~

In claſſic robes illuſtriouſly array'd,
Great BELLENDENUS dignifies the ſhade;
His breaſt with apoſtolic fervour glows:
His tongue in Ciceronian periods flows.
The Church's future grace, the ſenate's pride,
And the ſtate's hope ſhall bleſs their reverend guide;
Far better taught by reaſon than the rod
To ſerve their country, and adore their God!

ELEGY.

WHEN will protracted ſorrow ceaſe to flow?
When ſhall we quit this ſable garb of woe?
Scarce for a SISTER had we ſhed the tear,
When ſee, a MOTHER loads the funeral bier!
Grief, deareſt parent, rent thy heart in twain—
Grief for thy Nancy, thy belov'd— in vain!
Together ſoon ye, ſide by ſide, are laid;
The *Branch* was blaſted, and the *Trunk* decay'd!

Ah!

Ah! who can tell the merit we deplore?
Go aſk their friends—and aſk the weeping poor.
Conſult yon wretch, uncover'd and unfed,
While bleak winds whiſtle round his ſtraw-built ſhed,
Aſk him who warm'd his heart, reliev'd his faſt;
Who check'd the rigours of the wintry blaſt;
Aſk him for whom he pour'd his ſilent prayers,
Whom weeps with all the Gratitude of tears.

Hear us, bleſt pair, oh! hear us from the ſkies,
And pauſe one moment from ſeraphic joys!
See little DICK his childiſh grief diſplay,
Wipe off the glittering tear, and run to play!
From NELLY's eyes ſee ſimple ſorrows flow,
And SALLY grow more lovely from her woe!
See honeſt SETH with manly firmneſs mourn,
And, chill'd with ſorrow, graſp the ſacred urn!
And ſee our SIRE, with ſpeechleſs grief oppreſs'd,
Lift his ſad eyes, and preſs his aged breaſt!
While *I* your fates, in artleſs ſtrains, rehearſe,
And try to ſooth my ſorrows with my verſe—

But try in vain :—not all the muſe's art
Can ſooth my grief, or ſtill my throbbing heart.
Yet to my MOTHER will I pour the lay,
Whoſe liberal hand empower'd my lute to play ;
Generous—who bade me my own ſtudies chuſe,
Diſdain'd expence, and bade me woo the muſe.

HORSFORTH, no more thy ſylvan ſcenes invite ;
No more the gales on HUNGRY HILLS delight ;
Nor up the STRIPE with pleaſing toil I climb ;
Nor in the ROOT-HOUSE pen the ruſtic rhyme.
In vain yon water murmurs from afar ;
No more the murmuring water charms mine ear.
A gloomy miſt hangs o'er yon ſpreading vale,
And ſadly ſlow the diſtant wind-mills ſail.
Sad ſigh the zephyrs from the ruſtling trees ;
Nor rural ſights nor rural ſounds can pleaſe !
Remembrance ſaddens every ſtream and wood ;
Here walk'd my SISTER, *there* my MOTHER ſtood !
Departed joys in every ſcene I view ;
Health-breathing hills, and peerleſs plains adieu !

What

What now remains? to breathe my fervent
prayer,
That heaven wou'd pleaſe my hoary SIRE to
ſpare.
Oh! let *one* parent for awhile ſuffice,
Nor ſnatch our *other* guardian to the ſkies!
See where he ſtands—half ſunk by ſtormy
woes,
His white hair ſtreaming as the tempeſt blows!
Come, fellow-mourners, try each little charm,
To ſooth his griefs, his frozen veins to warm;
Cling round your charge, your wonted cares
improve,
And pour the *healing Oil* of FILIAL LOVE!

TO LAURA.

TOO oft in vain, dear Laura, do we find
Heav'n give the face, and culture form
the mind;
Too oft, with endleſs, but with hopeleſs toil,
Intriguing beauty mould her artful ſmile;
The flirting fair one her own pow'r diſarm:
The lovely ſuicide of every charm!

But

But, when my Laura's finiſh'd form we trace,
Her ſweet demeanour doubles every grace;
The modeſt veil which o'er each grace it throws
Serves but the bluſhing pattern to diſcloſe:
The heart ſhe conquers is for ever won;
For ſenſe *compleats* what beauty but *begun*!

A RETROSPECT.

IN BOLTON'S ſhades I ſpent my early youth;
Days of poetic bliſs, and artleſs truth!
Bleſt in myſelf, in all around me bleſt,
The day was pleaſure, and the night was reſt!
From books to play, from play to books I flew,
And felt myſelf far happier than I knew;
To form a rhyme, on ſweet VERBEIA'S ſide,
Was all my pleaſure, and was all my pride;
To aim my *Taw*, or ſpin my *Top* the beſt,
The great ambition of my little breaſt.

From theſe dear ſhades to SLAIDBURN I repair,
Supremely bleſt in WILSON'S foſtering care.

That

That generous tutor, like a parent kind,
Confirm'd my judgement, and enlarg'd my mind;
Purg'd every cloud of childiſh error thence,
And brought me down from rhapſody to ſenſe.

Now reaſon's ſteady ſun began to riſe,
When—ah! 'tis darken'd by CLEORA's eyes!
In her was every mental grace combin'd,
And her ſweet face the mirror of her mind.
I ſaw, I lov'd; books were a tedious toil;
I joy'd, I liv'd, but in CLEORA's ſmile;
I taught the hill, I taught the vocal grove,
To ſound her praiſes, and atteſt my love.
But, forc'd from her bewitching charms to fly,
Sad was my heart, and tearful was my eye;
Farewell CLEORA!—cruel ſcience calls,
Where ancient Oxford rears her claſſic walls!
ISIS, I come—but never did'ſt thou view
A youth more penſive, or a ſwain more true!

But ſoon in amorous flames no joy I find,
When academic honours fir'd my mind;
Full in my breaſt the beams of glory dart,
And fairly drive CLEORA from my heart!
Farewell the throbbing breaſt, the ſpeaking eye,
The dear delicious dreams of tender joy!

But

But, ſpite of LOCKE, of mighty NEWTON ſpite,
LAURA convinc'd me that her eyes were bright.
With throbs unknown my breaſt began to move;
It was not *friendſhip*—nor it was not *love*:
Too warm for *this*, and yet too cold for *that*,
'Twas admiration—'twas I know not what;
'Twas the warm praiſe to matchleſs worth we owe——
Eſteem and gratitude's exalted glow!
But now the ſcene is chang'd; a powerful cauſe
Bade me deſert *divine* for *human* laws:
My heart apoſtate grew; and (ſhame to tell!)
I bade the College and the Church farewell!

Behold me now in eager haſte convey'd
Where cloud-capt PENDLE caſts a mighty ſhade!
See LAW's enormous Folios round me thrown——
And at my elbow coal-black letters frown!
Yet here can friendſhip chear the tedious toil,
And ſprightly chat bid the grim pages ſmile!

Yet

Yet here can WILSON, BEARCROFT, and St. CLARE
Heighten the cup of joy, and blunt the ſting of care!

LINES ON SOLYHULL.

SICK of unfeeling wealth, and vain parade,
The ſhout of riot, and the din of trade,
Retire, my muſe, where rural graces reign,
And breathe new life in MALVERN's breezy plain!
There, free from fev'riſh folly, let me rove,
While brown October ſtrips the ſickly grove;
To mark the night's increaſe, the year's decay,
And catch the laſt pale gleams of dying day!

Yon vaſt majeſtic pile was rear'd, to prove
The Heav'n-bleſt manſion of connubial love;

But

But ah! that manſion wears a pleaſing gloom ——
By ſenſe and worth, and beauty's brighteſt bloom
Deſerted! Whither, whither would ye roam?
Why leave, unfiniſh'd leave your ſculptur'd dome,
Miſtaken pair? * Ye ſeek, but ſeek in vain,
Content, the eldeſt Daughter of the PLAIN;
She flies from courtly glare, and midnight balls:
Return, and find her in theſe lonely walls;
Lonely no more, O give them to reſound
With joy, and ſcatter happineſs around!

From city noiſe and country langour free,
Sacred to learned eaſe, and ſocial glee,
Hail happy town! to wound thy honeſt breaſt
Still ſnaky malice rears in vain her creſt;
Malice that ſtill new obloquy creates,
Nor ſpares the hoary head of venerable YATES! †

* Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS were then in PARIS.

† Late Rector of SOLIHULL.

Accept,

Accept, time-honour'd ſage, theſe willing lays;
Virtue like thine 'tis piety to praiſe!
O good old man! ſhall ruffian hands profane†
Thoſe ſilver locks, and I unmov'd remain?
Should the bare efforts of infernal rage
Once more diſturb the Sabbath of thy Age,
This youthful arm ſhall ready ſuccour lend;
The poor will bleſs me, and the good befriend:
Learning will arm me, in her votary's cauſe,
And all thy darling muſes ſmile applauſe!

Where art thou, WESTON? with indignant fire
Swell the bold note, and ſweep th' Iambic lyre;
What though no lofty titles deck thy race,
Nor pride of property, nor pomp of place,
Yet thine are what no grandeur can impart,
The UNCULTIVATED HEAD, the FEELING HEART!

O would'ſt thou always woo ſome mournful muſe,
That loves ſepulchral gloom, and churchyard yews,

† Alluding to ſome anonymous Verſes, which were at that time in circulation.

To

To mourn the good, or celebrate the brave,
Thy lyre ſhould vibrate near ſome new-made
grave;
While ſoft-ey'd pity, as the ſtrains decay,
Hangs o'er the quivering ſtrings, and ſighs
her ſoul away!

ON THE DEATH OF Mrs. WEARDEN, OF SOLIHULL.

LET wily ſycophants, and formal friends
Hang with *fictitious* grief o'er Wearden's
bier;
In robes of *real* woe the MUSE attends,
And gives to genuine worth a genuine tear.

Lamented ſhade! in theſe licentious days
'Tis hard with ſterling worth like thine to
part!
The world is loſt in faſhion's giddy maze;
Faſhion—that drains the purſe, and ſteels
the heart.

I mourn

I mourn for you, pale Famine's ſhivering train!
Weep on, affliction, and misfortune rave!
Keen blows the wind, and heavy falls the rain,
And cold lies CHARITY—in WEARDEN'S grave!

Domeſtic worth, that ſhuns the glare of day,
Godlike beneficence, in bleſſing bleſt,
Demand, O WESTON, *thy* recording lay——
Sweet child of ſympathy! of friends the beſt!

Begin the ſacred, ſadly-pleaſing ſong,
Thou ſweeteſt warbler in the cypreſs grove!
When ſtrains of genius flow from friendſhip's tongue,
The gay will liſten, and the good approve!

SONG ON A FLIRT.

I.

LET lovers tune their piteous pipes,
By wood, or purling ſtream;
My muſe in manlier meaſures flows;
FLIRTILLA is my theme.

II.

Pigmy in body, and in ſoul,
Yet vaineſt of the vain,
How will her little highneſs bear
This keen but honeſt ſtrain!

III.

Gold is the idol of her heart,
And harpy are her claws;
For Gold her velvet lips would kiſs
A Monkey's leathern jaws.

IV.

'Tis ſaid ſhe prays, 'tis ſaid ſhe drinks;
Nor is the nymph to blame:
Pity will leave a pining maid
Her pray'r book, and her dram.

V.

Well may ſhe try, with opiate drugs,
To force the god of ſleep;
The jilt, who laugh'd at others' tears,
Deſerves to wake and weep.

VI.

All whom ſhe ſcorn'd, in happier hours,
Will ſneeringly rejoice;
To hear the raven of deſpair
Croak, in her frightful voice.

Is

VII.

Is that poor, penſive, abject thing
The nymph we oft have ſeen,
Roſy as morn, and blithe as May,
A little fairy queen?

VIII.

Her cheeks were lighted up with joy;
Pert, voluble and gay,
Did ſhe not chatter like a pye,
Or ſcream like any jay?

IX.

Where are the ſongs of ſighing bards,
That call'd her nature's pride?
And where that mealy train of fops,
That flutter'd at her ſide?

X.

Thoſe inſect tribes, that in her blaze
Of ſummer beauty play'd,
Spread their ſilk wings, and, ſcornful, leave
The with'ring, wintry maid.

XI.

Yet my diſdain'd, tho' conſtant muſe,
Sole herald of her praiſe,
Proclaims her ſtill a nuptial prize;
And thus the ſong I raiſe:

XII.

All ye who wiſh a noble race
Eſpouſe this little ſquab;
For ſweeteſt, richeſt fruit is got
By grafting *on a Crab*.

A POETICAL EFFUSION,

On the Religious and Political Character of Dr. P——y.

PRESUMPTUOUS man! can thy *electric flaſh*
Oppoſe the great artillery of the ſky,
And mock the rolling thunder? can thy ſteams
Of philoſophic ſulphur dim the blaze
Of light celeſtial? dares thy earth-born rant
Inſult the ſeraph choirs, that ceaſeleſs ſing
Their loud Hoſannas to the TRI-UNE GOD?

Child of the duſt! thy optics cannot bear
Terreſtrial glory; the meridian ſun
Dazzles thy ſenſe: the ſmalleſt blade of graſs
That drinks the dew is myſtery to thee.

And

And canſt thou level, with unfalt'ring hand,
Reaſon's dim teleſcope at things divine——
Incomprehenſibly divine? Away
To Bedlam-Regimen, dark rooms and ſtraw!
How dar'ſt thou queſtion the Almighty's word?
Can truth ſpeak falſhood? God himſelf deceive?

With *giant* arm, that wars with *truth* and *heav'n*,
The glorious PYRAMID of Engliſh law
Thou gladly would'ſt *reverſe*; and cruſh the *crown*
Beneath the people's overwhelming *Baſe*.
Vain thought! like EGYPT's, the ſtupendous pile
Shall ſtand; the laſting WONDER of the WORLD!

Well may thy ſacrilegious hands aſſail
All *earthly* dignities, that dare invade
Heav'n's awful conſtitution—wreſt the crown
Eternal from the pow'r that gave thee breath,
Thus loudly to blaſpheme! Contemner vile
Of what is ſacred deem'd in earth and heav'n,

Bridle thy *dragon* lips, nor let thy *ſmoke*
Aſcend for ever! "Troubled ocean, ceaſe
Thy factious foam; nor caſt up endleſs mire!"

Pure was the breeze that fans this "ſeat of arts,"
Ere tainted by thy breath: in every ſtreet
The voice of labour ſung away it's cares.
The Church and Sectaries, harmonious, breath'd
The genuine Spirit of fraternal love.——
But, when thy puritanic *ſcowl* appear'd,
The heavens grew dark; and thy *familiar fiend*
Flam'd from the pulpit, thunder'd from the preſs,
Till all was uproar, and juſt vengeance hurl'd
SEDITION'S TEMPLES, ſmoking, to the ground!

SONG.*

I.

WHEN memory, like the world unkind,
Torments my aching breaſt,
Sweeteſt Phyſician of the mind,
O FANCY, give me reſt!

* The Author has borrowed the general Idea, and ſome of the Lines, from Mr. Weſton's ODE TO FANCY.

II.

To thee, " of friendleſs names the friend,"
I raiſe the languid eye;
In pity, kind Enchantreſs, ſend
One gleam of parted joy!

III.

Pale as the cheek of pining love
The vernal morn appears;
The live-long day I reſtleſs rove:
The ſun declines in tears.

IV.

But, ſoon as ſleep's ſoft dews invite,
The ſtorms of grief decay;
Sweet dawns the ſtar of hope, and night
Is brighter far than day.

V.

The dream that charm'd my early youth
Each raviſh'd ſenſe beguiles;
And, full of beauty, full of truth,
My angel-Emma ſmiles!

VI.

For ever, then, O gracious pow'r,
Prolong the gloom of night;
And let me, let me wake no more
To wretchedneſs and light!

THE COQUETTE.

BEHOLD the pride—the ſhame of womankind,
With face to charm us, and with ſenſe to blind!
Tracing each labyrinth of female art,
Behold th' accompliſh'd traitreſs of the heart!

Coy with the modeſt, with the forward bold,
The young ſhe flatters—flatters ev'n the old;
Verſ'd or in tragic or in comic chat,
With this ſhe *weepeth*, but ſhe romps with that;
With this a moral diſh of tea ſhe ſips,
But gives to that the nectar of her lips:
Preaching to one of vain, platonic bliſſes,
But treating t'other with ſubſtantial kiſſes.

Shun, thou grey dotard, fell enchantment ſhun;
Swift, thoughtleſs youth, from ſmiling ruin run:
Ere on th' expecting rock thy peace be toſt,
Or in the gaping whirlpool fame and virtue loſt!

TO MRS. PICKERING.

TO thee the tribute of my thanks be paid,
Sweet Philomela, warbling in the ſhade!
To thee the rolling ſeaſons ne'er diſcloſe
The vernal cowſlip, nor the Summer roſe;
From thee the moon withdraws her ſilver light;
To thee the blaze of burning noon is night.

Yet has great nature, tenderly unkind,
Thy viſion darken'd, but illum'd thy mind;
Fancy, the dear Enchantreſs, ſtill ſupplies
Suns of her own, and brighter, purer ſkies:
Pitying, ſhe taught thy ſprightly harp to play
Full many an artleſs, but melifluous lay,
To cheer life's darkling pilgrim on her way.

Denied, great God, thy glorious works to ſee,
She lifts her ſightleſs eye-balls up to thee!
She feels thy goodneſs, and thy pow'r reveres;
Thy works are VOCAL, and thy voice ſhe hears;
When thy tremendous thunder rolls above,
Or when the linnet tunes the lay of love,
To thee ſhe liſtens, mournfully reſign'd:
Father of light and life, protect the BLIND!

YES

THE JE NE SÇAI QUOI.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, *Eſq.*

YES, I'm in love! I feel it now,
And CELIA has undone me;
And yet I ſwear I can't tell how
The pleaſing plague ſtole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no graces revel;
'Tis not her ſhape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for ſure in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her ſenſe is only chat,
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm—
'Twas both, perhaps, or neither:
In ſhort, 'twas that provoking charm
Of CELIA ALTOGETHER.

TRANSLATED,

FOR AN

EXERCISE AT SCHOOL.

JAM, jam torquet amor; me CELIA perdit iniqua,
Nec ſcio cur talis peſtis amœna premit.
Hoc ſcio, per Venerem, vultus non ſpirat amorem,
Ludere nam vultu Gratia nulla cupit.
Non ſua Forma meum cogit ſuccumbere Pectus,
Nam Formæ fuerant fata ſevera ſatis.
Vulgari minimè cor eſt violabile geſtu,
Et ſermone levi Fœmina vera patet.
Vox tamen, aut Tactus pugnæ dare ſigna valerent,
Forte vel ambo darent, forte vel ambo negent.
Quid multa? invadit pectus velut agmine facto,
Et Venerum turmis CELIA TOTA ruit.

SANGUINEAS

ON THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY.

WRITTEN FOR

AN EXERCISE AT SCHOOL.

SANGUINEAS fruſtrà finxit CROMWELLIUS artes,
Plurima Fraus ſecum turbine rapta perit.
Spes averſa redit; premitur vox ferrea Belli,
Et furor, et pietas impia tela vibrans.
Clarius è tenebris STUARTUM fulgurat ASTRUM;
Palmes ab impoſito pondere ducit opes.
Sceptra gerit CAROLUS brevibus ſtabilita ruinis;
Regale horreſcunt Somnia vana jubar.

An-

TRANSLATED

(In Imitation of DRYDEN'S *Manner)*

BY

JOSEPH WESTON.

VAIN, vain are CROMWELL'S bloody arts; the band
Of fraudful villainies that ſcourg'd the Land,
Rapt with their parent* on a whirlwind's wing,
Vaniſh: and, ſmiling like the young-ey'd ſpring,
Averted hope returns. Foul Faction's roar
And ſtern Bellona's iron voice no more
Appal the ear; no more, with fierce alarms,
RELIGION brandiſhes *unholy* Arms.

Lightening tranſported nations from afar,
†Brighter from darkneſs, lo! the STUART STAR!
'Gainſt ponderous preſſure ſee yon PALM TREE ſtrive,†
And added beauty, added ſtrength derive!
CHARLES reigns—with grace, with ſweetneſs all his own,
And tranſient ſhocks have fix'd his tottering throne.
With horror flies each wild, fanatic dream
Before the luſtre of the regal beam.

* Cromwell died in a great Storm.

† Alluding to the devices prefixed to the EIKON BASILIKE, written by Charles the firſt.

Angligenæ! propriâ redimiti tempora Quercu
Votivos, inſtat tempus, inite Choros.
Ah mihi! nulla venit niſi miſta dolore Voluptas!
Quis PATRIS occisi non meminiſſe piget?
At Pater æterno tandem Diademate cinctus
Reſpicit è Cœlo regna redempta ſuis;
Reſpicit ASTRÆAM reducem; dum MONKIUS armis
Imponens pacem tentat ad aſtra viam.

Sons of the ſea-girt Iſle! Your temples crown'd
With native oak, let votive ſports abound!
Begin the feſtal dance—the joyous ſtrain!—
Ah me! No joy, unmix'd with ſharpeſt pain,
Can reach your breaſts! O Retroſpection dire!
What heart but weeps your Sovereign's SLAUGHTER'D SIRE?
That fainted ſire†, ſnatch'd "from an earthly crown
To one eternal," looks benignant down
On his dear, reſcued kingdoms; while her way
ASTRÆA meaſures back, from realms of day:
And MONK—the valiant, the humane, the wiſe——
By arms enforcing peace, triumphant tries
TRUE glory's ſtarry path, and gains upon the ſkies!

† See Biſhop Juxon's Speech to that unhappy Monarch, on the Scaffold.

23 JY 68

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

Additions are not always Improvements

Advertiſement.

I HAVE found it expedient to avail myſelf ſo largely of Mrs. Pickering's Permiſſion to "*alter*, "*expunge, and add whatſoever I thought proper*," that I ſhould be guilty of Injuſtice to that Lady, were I not to declare that ſhe is, in ſtrictneſs, reſponſible for no more than three entire Lines; viz. the firſt in Page 4, and the firſt and fourth in Page 5. In the Addreſs to her Subſcribers, I have retained only the general Idea.

JOSEPH WESTON.

very different of his [redacted] merit
it would be very unjust not
to declare Mrs Pickering wro
such vile rhymes.

TO JOHN MORFITT, Eſq.

BY Mrs. PICKERING.

AID, ſacred friendſhip, aid my feeble verſe,
And what I *feel* O give me to *rehearſe*!
To him who mourn'd my fate—who ſooth'd
my woe—
What thanks, what praiſe, what gratitude I
owe!
But ah! what paſſes in my ſecret ſoul
Defies alike deſcription and controul!
Yet take my ALL---theſe periſhable lays;
And ſimple truth accept for poliſh'd praiſe!

Bleſt be that pow'r, at whoſe beheſt withdrew
Creation's glories from my blaſted view!
Though on my EYES th' impervious veil was
drawn
Of ſtarleſs night---of night that knows no
dawn——
He left the brighter viſion of the MIND;
The feeling heart, the ſentiment refin'd:
Sight was enchain'd, but dearer fancy free;
Which fondly turns to friendſhip, and to
THEE!

FRIENDSHIP beyond all taliſmans can charm;
It's wond'rous power can rage itſelf diſarm:
Can ſoftly ſooth the troubled mind to reſt,
When mighty woes lie labouring in the breaſt.
The balmy breath of Spring, th' ambroſial dew
That ſcents the yellow cowſlip, violet blue,
Curl'd woodbine, candid lily, bluſhing roſe,
And ſtreak'd carnation, cannot ſweets diſcloſe
Pure as from friendſhip's beauteous bloſſom flow; [ſnow:
Which fears no Autumn-blaſt, no Winter-
But in December ſcatters a perfume
That Flora ſheds not in her vernal bloom!

The lovelieſt flow'rets on Parnaſſus' ſide
Early you cropt, and wore with graceful pride;
Phœbus half frown'd, aſſenting; loth t' allow
So bright a chaplet to ſo young a brow:
But Genius view'd thee with expreſſion bland,
And Science ſeiz'd thy unreluctant hand!

Thou kindeſt patron! thou ſincereſt friend!
May every bliſs that ſweetens life attend
Thy every hour; 'till on the wings of time
Thy ſoul ſhall mount to ſeek that happier clime,
Where *kindred* ſpirits, chaunting ſtrains like THINE,
Tune their immortal lyres to ſymphonies divine!

LINES

LINES EXTEMPORE, BY Mrs. PICKERING,

On meeting a fine Boy, as he came down ſtairs, in the Morning of Valentine's Day, 1793.

I.

SWEET Child, my Valentine thou art;
And none like thee I hear,
Whoſe prattle can my griefs diſarm,
And drooping ſpirits chear!

II.

O lovely Boy, to frown forbear;
And ſay thou fancieſt *me*:
Since, thro' this widely-ſpreading Town,*
I fancy none like *thee*!

III.

† Fair Charity thy breaſt adorns,
In early infancy;
And may that breaſt, in riper years,
Her *conſtant* manſion be!

IV.

Thy heart may every virtue warm
The wiſe and good admire;

* Birmingham.

† He is remarkably charitable.

Thy

Thy head may ſenſe and learning ſtore:
Thy ſoul may heav'n inſpire!

V.

That, when life's pilgrimage is paſt,
My darling may obtain
Thoſe rich rewards the pure in heart
Will never ſeek in vain.

ON THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR's SISTER, Mrs. WOLLASTON, OF THE GROVES, NEAR ENVILLE.

THY loſs, dear Ann, unceaſing, ſhall I mourn,
And with fond tears bedew thy ſacred urn!
With THEE nor grace nor virtue to reſide
Diſdain'd; and wiſdom was thy conſtant guide!
Thy heart no vice, thy head no folly knew;
At thy approach pale envy, ſickening, flew:
Nor dar'd black malice to aſſail that breaſt,
Where candour and where love were wont to reſt.

Happy

Happy with firmneſs tenderneſs to blend—
How bleſt thy Huſband, and how bleſt thy Friend!
Can artleſs numbers celebrate thy praiſe?
The theme might dignify a MORFITT's lays!

Farewell, dear Siſter! ſome ſhort hours farewell!
Heaven's peace, and endleſs bleſſings with thee dwell!
Soon ſhall I join thee, on an happier ſhore;
Where pain, where ſorrow ſhall be known no more;
Where light from darkneſs ſprings, and bliſs from woe:
Where pleaſures from exhauſtleſs fountains flow:
While ſufferings paſt *enhance* the preſent joy—
Joy that ſhall know nor bound nor end—— nor ever, ever cloy!

TO MY SUBSCRIBERS.

PRIDE of the earth, and favourite of the ſkies,
Lov'd by the good, and honour'd by the wiſe—— Who

Who doſt within my breaſt deſpotic reign,
Throb in each pulſe, and tingle in each vein—
Who from that breaſt ſhalt never, never part,
'Till the laſt pang ſhall rend my labouring heart——
O GRATITUDE! thy god-like aid inſpire!
O for an angel's wing, an angel's lyre;
That I might ſoar beyond the vulgar gaze,
And heavenly virtues ſing, in heavenly lays!

Vain thought! It will not be.—Alas! not mine
The purple pinion, and the harp divine!
And ſhall the muſe, with her unhallow'd ſtrain,
That excellence ſhe cannot *praiſe*--PROPHANE?
No. Not a ſound ſhall vibrate on the ear;
But the ſoft tribute of the tender tear
Shall ſilent fall; while to th' atteſting ſkies
The breathings of the HEART ſhall hourly riſe:
That ALL, who mourn like me, like me may find
STRENGTH to the WEAK, and "EYES unto the BLIND;"
And bliſs be theirs, unknowing of alloy,
Who cauſe "the WIDOW'S HEART TO SING FOR JOY!"

OLD

OLD AGE, AN ELEGY.

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. R. S. YATES, D. D.

On his Entering his Seventy-ſixth Year,

BY

JOSEPH WESTON.

WHEN pleaſure's ever-varying CHIME is done,
And when the lovely prime of life is fled,
When age with ſilent pace comes ſtealing on,
And time has thinn'd the honours of the head,
When beauty fades before the failing eye,
When muſic palls upon the cloſing ear,
And death with threatening dart ſeems ever nigh—
Is not the proſpect deſolate and drear?
Aſk HIM who wip'd not off the Widow's tears,
Nor would the naked clothe—the hungry feed;
He'll tell thee (trembling with prophetic fears)
That "all IS drear and deſolate INDEED!"

Aſk the foul murderer of the VIRGIN'S peace,
Who can confiding innocence betray;
Aſk the vile plunderer, who, his hoard t' increaſe,
Makes foes and friends, promiſcuouſly, his prey:

"Muſt

" Muſt we, (they cry) O MUST we bid adieu
" To dear delights, while fatally ſo fond ?—
" Ah yes!—The Grave gapes horrible in view,
" And retribution dreadful gleams--BEYOND!"

Their present punishment is sufficient, if you permitted to write about them

Aſk HIM who owns no ſuper-human pow'r,
Nor future world ;---the wretch, (his triumph paſt)
Curſing his natal, and his mortal hour,
From black annihilation ſhrinks agaſt !

(Thus the great father of all human-kind
With terror ſaw his FIRST of days decline ;
Nor once ſuggeſted his deſponding mind
That light extinct might RENOVATED ſhine.)

But aſk the man whoſe ſympathetic breaſt
Still heaves reſponſive ſighs with them that grieve ;
Whoſe eye ſtill marks the needy and oppreſt---
Whoſe counſel can conſole---whoſe hand--- relieve ;

On WHOM—unſtain'd with villainy abhorr'd--
Connubial powers their chaſter bliſs beſtow ;
Whoſe offspring—round his hoſpitable board--
Enhance each joy, and lighten ev'ry woe ;

Who

Who heaps up riches with a miſer's zeal—
But riches—ſuch as KINGDOMS could not buy;
(Nor moth nor ruſt corrupts, nor robbers ſteal,
The wealth that WISDOM treaſures in the SKY!)

Aſk HIM—who, journeying through this vale of tears,
Serene, approaches his appointed goal—
HE'LL tell thee that "the clouded proſpect CLEARS;
"While heavenly glimpſes CHEAR his fainting ſoul:"

That "HIM—not DEATH's cold cavern can diſmay—
"Who through the dark, diſconſolate abyſs
"(By Faith's perſpective aided) ſpies the way
"To ſettled ſunſhine, and immortal bliſs!"

(Thus ADAM, when the ſhades of night withdrew,
Saw golden beams the mountain-tops adorn;
And, while creation brighten'd on his view,
With tranſport hail'd the majeſty of morn!)

Thus

Thus chear'd—thou ever-honour'd GOOD OLD
MAN!
Religion's ornament, and Learning's friend!—
O may'ſt thou meaſure nature's utmoſt ſpan;
Then to the duſt with gentleſt ſteps deſcend!

But, ſhould ſome FIEND* moleſt, with ſerpent-
ſting,
The ſacred eaſe of venerable age,
Celeſtial balſam CONSCIOUS WORTH ſhall bring--
All-potent to repel the venom's rage.

Nor wilt thou CRUSH the FALL'N, nor HATE
the BAD;
Ignorance may cavil—Malice may revile:
In truth's bright panoply ſecurely clad,
The CHRISTIAN can FORGIVE; the SCHOLAR
——SMILE.

Thus ſparing--pardoning--pitying every foe---
(Aſſurance firm that THOU ſhalt be forgiv'n)
Anticipate---while LENT us yet below——
With humble hope, thy rich reward in
HEAV'N!

* Alluding to the anonymous Verſes mentioned in Mr. Morfitt's Poems, Page 63.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN we behold thee, in the mazy dance,
With ſprightly ſtep, and winning air advance,
In every look we ſenſe and ſweetneſs trace;
In every motion—harmony and grace.

When thy ſoft converſe, elegantly gay,
Makes time on lighter pinion ſteal away,
Such ſweets no Bee on fragrant Hybla ſips
As fall, in honied Accents, from thy lips.

When, at thy magic touch, from kindling ſtrings
The ſoul of ſentiment, impaſſion'd, ſprings,
Deep in each breaſt is anſwering echo found;
Our heart-ſtrings vibrate to the dulcet ſound.

But (waking wonder) when thou pour'ſt along
The tide reſiſtleſs of ſeraphic ſong,
Senſe (hapleſs pilot!) ſtaggers from his poſt;
In ſeas of extacy o'erwhelm'd and loſt! poor soul — never got out again —

But, faireſt! nobly gifted as thou art——
Skill'd to enchant each ear---enſlave each heart——
Waſte not the treaſures bounteous heaven beſtows;
Let prudence point the dart which beauty throws:
Nor laviſh on the ideot coxcomb-train,
Smiles that might make the wiſe--the modeſt---vain!
Limit the triumphs of thoſe wandering eyes;
Nor covet conqueſts reaſon *muſt* deſpiſe:
Reſtrain thoſe vocal energies divine;
Nor caſt GOLCONDA'S GEMS---to SENSELESS SWINE!

TO THE REVEREND MR. JAQUES*.

BY THE SAME.

BLUSH not, thou faithful Paſtor, while I pay
To modeſt worth the tributary lay;
Nor fear ſome Sycophant's inſidious wile:
If void of elegance, 'tis void of guile!

* *Rector of Little Packington, Vicar of Great Packington, Prebendary of Lincoln, and Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Aylesford.*

Thrice happy HE, whoſe life, through length of days,
Makes what had flattery ſeem'd ſeem niggard praiſe!
His flock thrice happy, who can juſtly boaſt
That they who know him beſt revere him moſt!
Whoſe mild religion no ſtern aſpect wears;
Whoſe ſanctity in *chearful* charms appears:
His boſom fraught with love of human-kind--
And his benignant face---the mirror of his mind!

Not ſeldom have I *ſeen*--- yet oft' I fly
On Meditation's wing---with *mental* eye
On that renown'd, that beauteous‖ pile to gaze——
Rear'd by thy PATRON to his MAKER'S PRAISE;

‖ The new Church at Great Packington (the magnificent Preſent of the EARL OF AYLESFORD) was erected by BONOMI; and, with Reſpect to Strength, Symmetry and Convenience, is thought to have no Superiour.—The Edifice is enriched by a very fine Organ, built under the Inſpection of HANDEL, and by a ſuperb Altar-piece, brought from ROME.—An exquiſite Painting *al Freſco* (the only *real* one in England) by RIGAUD, repreſenting Angels in the Act of Adoration, completes the Beauty of the whole.

Our reſtleſs Innovators may HERE find their favourite Theory reduced to Practice, and the *levelling* Principle introduced (where alone it *ought* to be introduced) in its fulleſt extent.—Not a ſingle *Pew* is to be ſeen; and the noble Earl and his Counteſs are no otherwiſe diſtinguiſhed than by exhibiting (if poſſible) more Attention, and more Devotion, than any other Individuals, in one of the moſt attentive, and moſt *crouded* Congregations in the Kingdom.——Such is the wonderful Power of brilliant Example!

Where rival artiſts' glorious works unite,
T' inſpire at once devotion and delight:
Where Chriſtian FAITH and Chriſtian VIRTUE ſhine,
With blended rays, in harmony divine!
Yet, yet I tread the conſecrated dome,
Rich with the Parian ſtone, and ſculptur'd art of Rome!

At that fair altar I behold thee ſtand,
Where heaven ſeems open'd by a mortal hand;
I view a mingled dignity and grace
Exalt thy port, and animate thy face;
My ſpirit bows with reverential awe,
While thou proclaimeſt Sinai's ſacred law;
My voice, ſpontaneous, joins the choral band,
That hymns, reſponſive to each dread command!

I ſee thee riſe, the book of life t' expound,
Or glance at myſteries fearfully profound!
On every brow attention ſits ſerene;
No murmur violates the ſolemn ſcene;
On THEE each eye with kindling rapture turns;
Like THINE each breaſt with holy tranſport burns;

'Till

'Till ALL, in extacy, their voices raiſe,
While ſounds organic ſwell the note of praiſe,
And youth, age, infancy, with loud acclaim,
Make vaulted roofs rebound JEHOVAH's awful name!

Reſiſtleſs orator! There are who teach
Truths they not feel, nor practice what they preach;
But by EXAMPLE to convince is *thine*——
The cleareſt comment on the text divine!

Amid' the fold, who thy protection ſhare,
Does one, one lurking Ill elude thy care?
Does lacerated friendſhip mourn? Does grief,
Or age, or want, or ſickneſs aſk relief?
The good Samaritan allays the ſmart,
Binds up the wound, and heals the breaking heart!

Does ſcorpion conſcience, in the mortal hour,
The king of terrors arm with ten-fold pow'r?
The miniſter of peace, in ſoothing ſtrain,
Speaks of the LAMB, that was for Sinners ſlain;
To faith, and to repentance points the way:
And ſmooths the paſſage to the realms of day!

TO Mrs. YATES, OF SOLYHULL, ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT SON.

BY THE SAME.

STREAM from thoſe upcaſt eyes maternal tears?
Heaves that ſoft boſom the pathetic ſigh?
Lo! Where, on golden-ſkirted clouds, appears
A bright Aſſemblage from the realms on high!

And hark! diſtinguiſh'd from the ſhining train,
Thy guardian Genius tunes his ſoothing tongue;
While choral Seraphs echo back the ſtrain,
And ſtrike their lyres ſymphonious to his ſong!

"Ceaſe, ſweet complainer: fruitleſs ſorrows ceaſe!
"T' illume thy grief-benighted mind I come;
"To wake within thy ſoul the dawn of peace:
"And waft thy Infant to his heavenly home!

He had a very indifferent one at Solihull —

"Say,

" Say, haſt thou CAUSE for grief? doſt thou *bewail*
" Emancipation from a ſcene like *this*, where I live
" Where darkneſs, death, and lengthen'd woes prevail,
" To light, and life, and everlaſting bliſs?

" What *is* this world—This tranſitory ſtate?
" 'Tis but a paſſage to immortal climes----
" Where endleſs joys, or endleſs pains await
" The friend of virtue, or the ſlave of crimes.

" Awful alternative!—Will *thy* ſhort line
" Preſume to fathom Providence's plan?
" Art Thou omniſcient? ſay, can'ſt *thou* divine
" What youth might prove, when ripen'd into man?

" Full many an object of his parents' love,
" In whom each generous germe they joy to trace,
" Ere twice ten Summers roll away, may prove
" His Mother's miſery, and his Sire's diſgrace;

" In life's gay morn, (while, deck'd with ſiren-charms,
" Pleaſure her countleſs blandiſhments prepares,)
" Supinely may repoſe in folly's arms,
" Or vainly toil in vice's fatal ſnares.

" Grant the temptation *paſt*--- the danger—grant---
" (Amid' the vicious, virtuous only *he*!)
" What—what avail?—From grief, from pain, from want,
" From obloquy could virtue ſet him free?

Now---ſnatch'd from Ills too grievous to be borne--- *ſuch as my company*
" He fears no proud oppreſſor's galling hand;
" Nor mourns neglected worth, unrighteous ſcorn,
" Love's hopeleſs flame, or friendſhip's broken band.

" Behold! with *us* he wings his joyful way;
" Reſcu'd from ſorrow, and ſecur'd from ſin:
" Fiends gnaſh their teeth, who miſs their hop'd for prey!
" Heaven's opening portals let an *Angel* in!"

ELEGY

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. MR. PIXEL.

BY THE SAME.

HOW hard the lot of miſerable man!
What woes are crouded in his narrow ſpan!
Cuſtom's blind votary, paſſion's tortur'd ſlave,
He "frets his hour"—then ſinks into the grave!
But oh! moſt wretched they of human kind,
Who, curſt with feelings fatally refin'd,
Claim *Kindred* with diſtreſs; and heave the groan,
And drop the tear, for ſuff'rings not their own!
Who live but in their *Friends*—while, day by day,
Some *Portion of Exiſtence* drops away!

When vicious DIGNITY deſcends to duſt,
Up riſe the ſtoried urn, and breathing buſt;
While many a bard, around the unhallow'd fane,
Tunes his ſad lyre to many a ſoothing ſtrain.
Periſh ſuch ſtrains!—the nobler taſk be mine
T' adorn, with friendſhip's hand, a lowlier ſhrine;

While

While truth ſhall conſecrate ſpontaneous lays,
To pay departed worth *unpurchas'd* praiſe:
Not *unrewarded*—ſince my humble name,
When join'd to *his*, ſhall live---whoſe friend-
ſhip muſt be fame!

Goodneſs and ſcience claim'd an equal part,
And one his mind enrich'd, and one his heart,
But to *recount* what virtues---talents blend,
To form the huſband, parent, maſter, friend--
To finiſh the muſician, ſcholar, bard,
Philoſopher, divine---a taſk how hard!
Bluſh, greatneſs, bluſh! ye ſoul-leſs lumps of
earth,
(Fir'd by no ſparkle of congenial worth)
Ye Patrons—bluſh; who ſuch *deſert* cou'd
doom
To droop unmark'd, unhonour'd, to the
tomb!
Yet, hapleſs PIXEL, (peace and endleſs reſt
Betide thy gentle ſhade, among the bleſt!)
The meed is thine nor pomp nor pow'r cou'd
give——
For in each generous breaſt thou ſtill ſhalt
live;
To art and genius, wit and wiſdom dear,
And prompt the frequent ſigh—the frequent
tear;

While

While grandeur's ſons in kindred dirt ſhall rot;
Their pride, their meanneſs, and their names forgot!

In fancy's ear full oft' ſhalt thou rehearſe
Thy Shenſtone's, or thy own mellifluous verſe;
As through thy little paradiſe I ſtray——
Fragrant with ſhrubs, with flow'rs profuſely gay:
Thy own creation! ev'n by him* admir'd,
Who form'd thy taſte, and who thy verſe inſpir'd!

Yet, yet I hear thee! from the trembling ſtrings
Th' Orphean touch ſuch ſounds ſeraphic brings——
The ſweet, pathetic, thrilling, dying ſtrain
Might charm to extacy a Martyr's pain!
For THY chaſte ear, and judgment paſt all praiſe,
Spurn'd the vile traſh of theſe degenerate days;
When ſtrange, effeminate, unnatural notes——
Warbling diſcordant, from Italian throats,
(While Fiddlers flouriſh to the eyes--not ears)
Taſte unſeduc'd with indignation hears:

* Shenſtone.

HAN-

HANDEL thy great Apollo! He, whoſe art
Now ſaps, and ſteals, and ſteals upon the heart;
Whoſe awful thunders NOW ſublimely roll:
'Till, burſting through the breaſt, he ſtorms th' affrighted ſoul!

Nor did the arts thy liberal mind confine;
The charms of ſocial converſe, too, were thine!
Chearful, though wiſe—though pious, not ſevere——
Religion wore in thee no brow auſtere;
The ſprightly jeſt, the poignant repartee
Brighten'd each eye, and fill'd each heart with glee!

Here muſt I pauſe---or I accumulate grief
On Her, whoſe woe admits not of relief.
Such ſorrow ſhould be ſacred! no raſh zeal
Should tear from ſpeechleſs agony the veil;
His conjugal, and his paternal love
Reſt then untold; recorded but above!
And, O thou Father of the Fatherleſs!
Judge of the Widow! Saviour in diſtreſs!
By THY vaſt bounties be their loſs ſupplied!
Be THOU the father, friend, protector, guide!

SONNETS;

SONNETS;

IN IMITATION OF MILTON.

BY THE SAME.

THE BUTTERFLY.

WHAT gaudy flutterer thus, in airy dance
Fantaſtic, ranges, and the ſweets of ſpring
Sips; at whoſe gilded, *eye beſpangled* wing
The bird of Juno darts a *ſide-long* glance,
And SPREADS the ſpoils of Argus? mark advance
The wanton—tantalize the touch; then
Scornful, away: in many a mazy ring [fling,
Whirling, till loſt amid' the blue expanſe!
Again ſhe tempts us down the dewy dale;
Now up the high hill painfully ſhe plies
Her flagging pinion: trembling, panting, pale,
On, on we ſtretch---and ſpring upon the
prize!
Like PLEASURE---*'twas*, but *is not*; we prevail,
Not gain: the Butterfly is graſp'd---and DIES!

TO

TO MESSRS. CARY AND LISTER,

On their Juvenile Poetical Productions.

YET, yet your unpolluted Stores *withhold*,
Bright *Buds* of GENIUS, burſting into day!
'Spite of propitious PHŒBUS' cheering ray,
PARNASSIAN Climes are chilling, chilling COLD!
Vainly ye glad th' *enamour'd* Breeze; unfold
In vain your rich luxuriant Foliage---gay
With *Orient* Hues: and, bluſhingly, diſplay
TYRE's Bloom *Imperial*, ſtreak'd with OPHIR's Gold!
Nor *Scent* nor *Beauty* (truſt the warning verſe,
Unconſcious, hapleſs Pair!) ſhall aught avail!
Envy—th' expanding Bloſſom's cankering curſe——
Shall gnaw; DETRACTION's inſtant Blight aſſail
Your ſhrinking Forms: and ſportive SCORN diſperſe
Your wither'd Honours to the *ſighing* Gale!

WRITTEN

WRITTEN ON RETURNING FROM LICHFIELD;

AND INSCRIBED

(In Memory of the Attic *Evenings paſſed at the Palace)*

TO

MISS SEWARD.

SWEET is the SMILE that plays upon the Face——
Beauteous the RAY that from the kindling Eye
Darts; if the ſprightly Jeſt the keen reply,
In amicable Strife, eccentric, chaſe——
Like BOREAL CORUSCATIONS: but the Race
Is *run*; is ENDED! *Down*, officious Sigh!
Suggeſting ever that I *ceaſe* to ſpy
FANCY's bright *Flaſh* thro' CANDOUR's modeſt *Grace!*
For comfort *loſt* from Friend to Friend I roam;
Ah! why ſhould TASTE ſo fooliſhly *refine?*
Amaz'd, FATIGU'D, I ſeek my joyleſs Dome;
No LARES *there*, alas! propitious ſhine!
Illum'd--then *baniſh'd*--to thy hateful HOME—
Poor, poor OMAI—what a Fate was *thine!*

TO THE SAME LADY;

When afflicted with a violent Inflammation in her Eyes.

SHRINKS in each ſanguine orb the living light,
That flaſh'd with INTELLECT? Where beam'd before
Benignant HESPER muſt we *now* deplore
A COMET's hideous glare, malignly bright?
Ye ~~GLIMMERERS~~ then APPEAR! The gloom of night
Gild; leſt the *ſtar of Evening* riſe no more!
Juno! Minerva! Venus! O *reſtore*——
For 'twas your ENVY *ſacrific'd*—her ſight!
Blind Love, beware! Swift ruſhes to decay
Each cryſtal ſtorehouſe, whence thy diamond darts,
Barb'd with keen light'ning, flew, to ſhine and ſlay!
Who NOW ſhall dazzle eyes, who vanquiſh hearts,
If, by the vengeful Goddeſſes' decree,
Who vied with THEM muſt, *darkling*, mourn with THEE?

WRITTEN

WRITTEN AFTER THE RETURN OF LOUIS XVIth. FROM VARENNES;

ON

The Report of his intended legal Murder, *and of the Emperor's threatened Retribution.*

How ill does loyalty inspire —

HOLD, impious ANARCHY, that lifted hand!
Pauſe, ere the blow, the frantic blow be giv'n,
That, ſtabbing heaven's Anointed, ſtabs at heav'n!
Suffice it, TYRANT, that, at thy command,
Each ſocial compact, each religious band,
Diſſolves; that Myriads, from their dear home driv'n,
(Their widow'd breaſts by hopeleſs anguiſh riv'n)
With wonder, ſcorn and hate fill every foreign land!
Deem'ſt thou theſe Giant-crimes *unmark'd* by Jove?
(Jove, ever jealous for the Rights of Kings,
Who love their people with a parent's love!)
BEHOLD then where, tremendous from above,
His own *imperial Bird* to vengeance ſprings——
Light'ning within his Beak, and thunder on his Wings!

ON THE INVIOLABILITY OF THF KING BEING DECLARED BY THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

MARK'D ye the Eagle in his dread career?
Glanc'd on your haggard eye, with baleful glare,
Th' impatient light'ning? echoing thro' the air
Portentous murmurs, did your ſtartled ear
Confeſs the coming thunder? Slaves to fear,
Though freed from ſhame, (who could ſo greatly dare
To brave the generous lion—*in the ſnare)*
Well may ye tremble, for your hour is near!
He comes! Th' avenger of his ſervants' ſhame,
Whoſe altars ye defile, whoſe awful name
Blaſpheme! Behold him! If the *righteous few*
Atone not, wrapt in inſtantaneous flame
Ye periſh! Yawning earth devours a crew
Hideous with many a Stain that SODOM never knew!

+ Mr Weston is a good catholic he approves of auricular confeſſion — N. B Mr Morley's

ON

ON THE KING's ACCEPTANCE OF THE CONSTITUTION.

AND *art* thou ~~fall'n~~ ? Of long, long hop'd relief
Deſpairing, bows thy royal ſpirit down,
For a Straw-ſceptre, and a Paper-crown ?
Bows it, that every ſacrilegious thief,
And coward murderer may hail thee CHIEF ?
O loſt to manhood ! Dead to fair renown !
Lo ! With fix'd glare, wirh petrifying frown,
And ſighs profound from boſoms big with grief,
The ſhades of HEROES ſtart from many a tomb,
Graſp the bright Faulchion, *wave* the ſable plume,
And *look* thee into madneſs ! " bluſh (they cry)
" Degenerate SON ! Avert th' *eternal* doom
" Impending ! fear but heav'n ; its foes defy:
" REVOKE th' unkingly deed ; and LIKE a Monarch—DIE !"

ON THE KING's REFUSAL TO SANCTION THE DECREE AGAINST THE EMIGRANTS.

" DEAR, dreadful Spectres, ſpare my blaſted ſight!
" To *Love*—NOT fear—impute the guilty deed!
" Could—*could* I view my fond heart's Idol BLEED?
" View thoſe ſweet eyes, that beam'd with heaven's own light,
" By hell's own furies clos'd in mornleſs night?
" Ah! 'twas not to be borne! Yet thus unfreed,
" Unfriended,—when th' accurs'd Divan decreed
" What froze my life-blood, I *reſum'd* my right
" Of KING—of BROTHER! If your ſon deſcends
" To *ſoothe* the monſters—great and glorious ends
" Muſt ſanctify the means, which (oh!) alone
" Remain, to guard the Altar, fix the throne,
" And ſnatch A PEOPLE, from th' ingulphing jaws
" Of TYRANT-LIBERTY, and ANARCH-LAWS!"

ON

ON THE EXECUTION OF THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

BY THE SAME.

SLOW moves the car amid' the ſubject croud,
That drags their Queen to ignominious death;
Bellowing their frantic blaſphemies aloud,
They taint the winds of heaven, with baleful breath.

Behold that faded form, that furrow'd face!
That brow--which aſks nor pity nor relief!
Mark thoſe vile bonds, and that majeſtic grace!
See Reſignation triumph over grief!

Ceaſe your inſenſate rage, ye baſe and blind!
Your clamours reach not her tranſcendent ſoul;
The world recedes; heaven opens on her mind:
Before her view celeſtial viſions roll.

A hand ſhe ſees you never muſt ſurvey;
She hears a voice that you muſt never hear:

One

One to eternal manſions points the way,
And one breathes muſic in her raviſh'd ear.

" Imperial victim go! Go, ſuffering ſaint;
" From blood-ſtain'd dens of terror, guilt and ſhame,
" To ſcenes—Imagination cannot paint;
" And leave behind thee an immortal name!

" Not in the prime of thy refulgent MORN,
" By beauties envied, and ador'd by Kings,
" When vivid roſes did the cheek adorn,
" And the eye beam'd unutterable things—

" When breathleſs peaſants, bleſt with one ſweet glance,
" Forgot their penury, forgot their toil——
" When the gay Princes of exulting France
" Liv'd but within the ſunſhine of thy ſmile——

" When fame, untir'd, with all her trumpet-tongues,
" Proclaim'd thy virtues to the nations round——
" And poets chaunted their mellifluous ſongs,
" 'Till echo grew enamour'd of the ſound--

" Not

" Not in thy blazing NOON ſo heavenly bright
" Did'ſt thou appear, though glittering on a throne,
" As NOW—when ſunk in ſorrow's diſmal NIGHT——
" (Each faithful friend, each fawning flatterer flown!)

" Of Huſband, Children, Freedom, Crown bereft——
" (Wrath's deadlieſt vial *drain'd* upon thy head!)
" With not a joy, with not a comfort left,
" While death impends, and trembling hope is fled!

" Meek, unappall'd, magnanimous, ſerene,
" Sits PATIENCE on thy *yet* angelic face!
" O truly glorious—truly CHRISTIAN Queen!
" O greatly worthy of thy royal race!

" Dire miſcreants! Could not woes ſo VAST atone?
" Such COUNTLESS miſeries move your ſavage hearts!
" Muſt ye---t' inflict ten thouſand deaths in one——.
" In damned SLANDER dip your coward darts?

" Beyond

" Beyond example wretched! Who may tell
" What agonies convuls'd thy woe-worn frame,
" When the foul lye, begot, and " hatch'd in hell,"
" Sprung to the loathing light, to blaſt thy fame?

" Horror to thought! The Mother---and the Child?
" How, how could LIFE ſuſtain the charge impure?
" The *Woman* ſhudder'd, but the HEROINE ſmil'd——
" Indignant ſmil'd---in Innocence ſecure!

" Princeſs, rejoice! The awful moment's nigh,
" That ends thy tortures---that rewards thy woes!
" Yon' STEEL exalts thee to th' expecting ſky,
" And for perdition ſeals thy impious foes!"

23 JY 68

FINIS.

By ending the Book you end
mine